[92-090]

Frances Ann Boutelle

March 3d 1815

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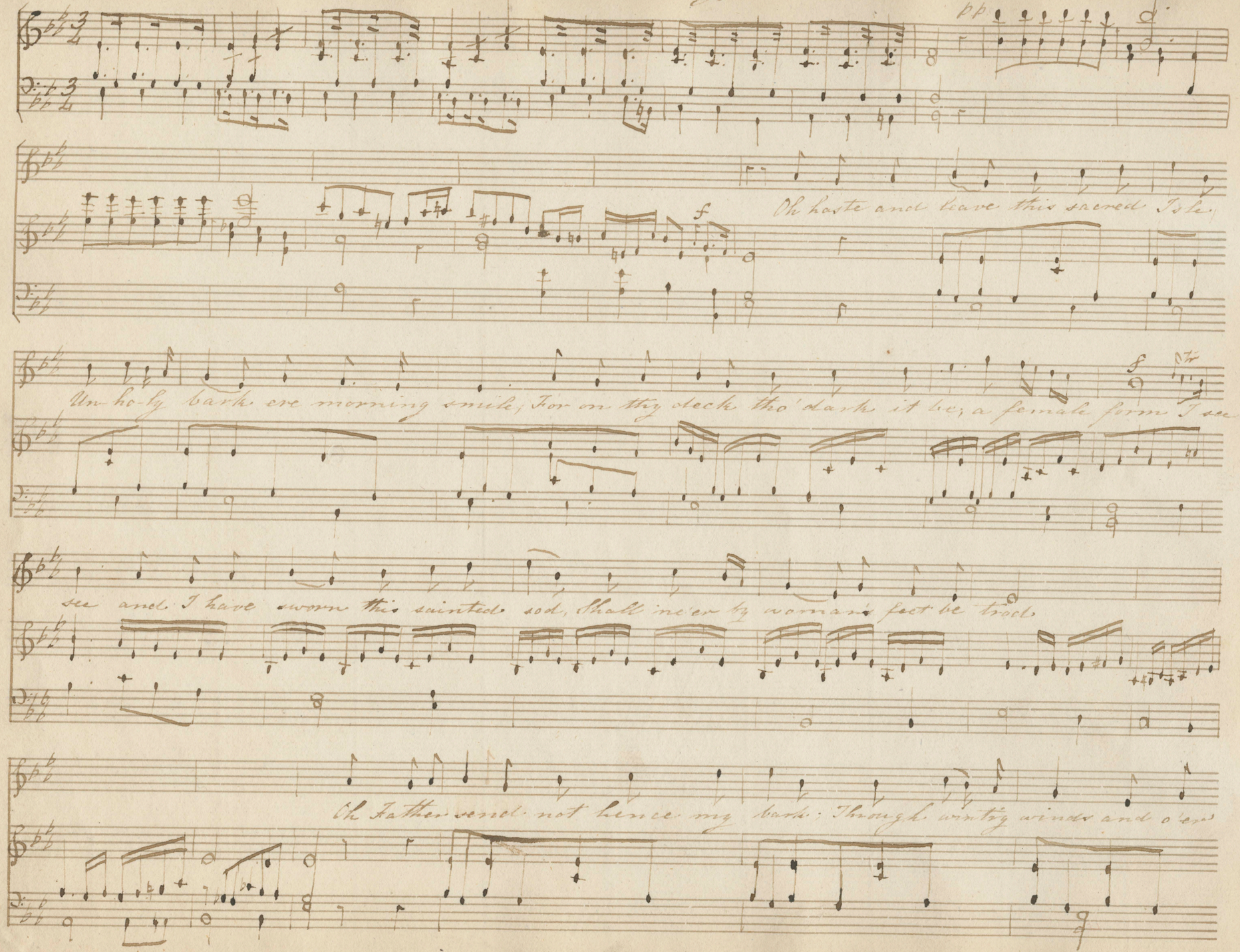
St. Senanus and the Lady



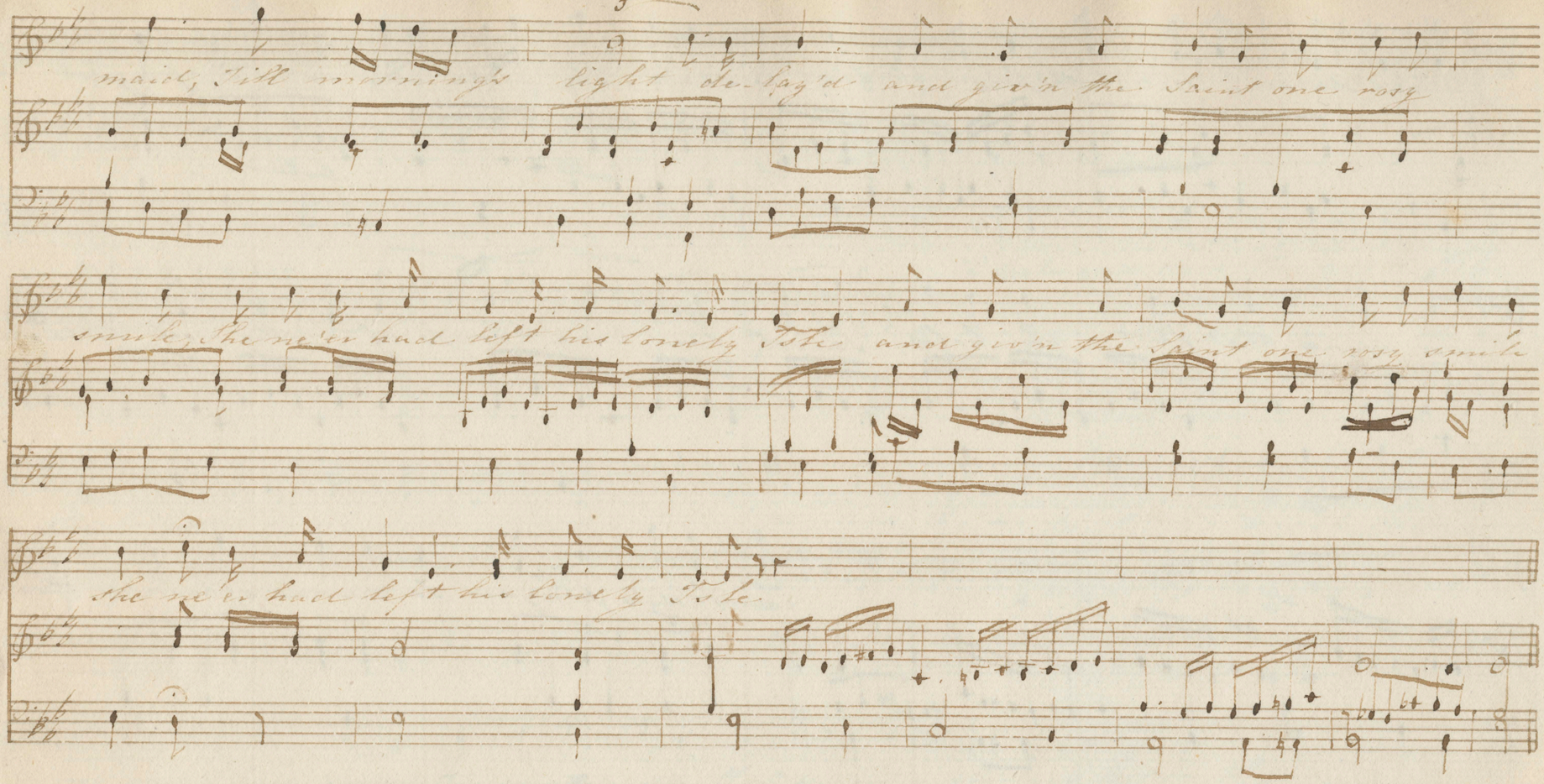
billows dark; I come with hum-ble heart to share, Thy morn and ev-ing prayer

For mine the feet oh holy Saint the brightness of thy sod to taint

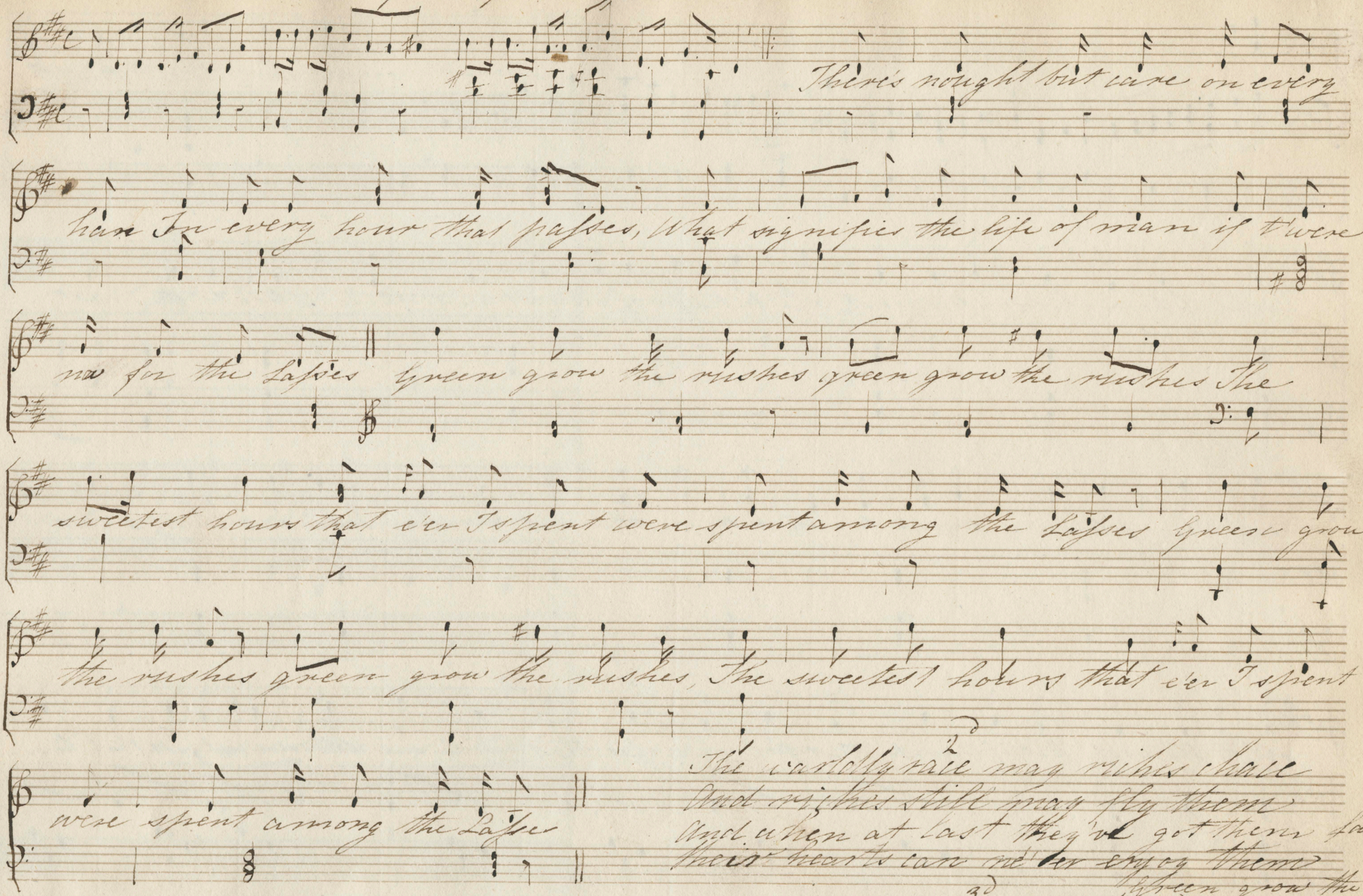
The Lady's prayer Se-nanus spurn'd the

wind blew fresh and the barks return'd But le-gends hint that had the

APR 23 1888 -51


maid, Till mornings light she lay'd and giv'n the Saint one rosy
smile, She ne'er had left his lonely Isle and giv'n the Saint one rosy smile
she ne'er had left his lonely Isle

Green grow the Rushes



2d
The warldly race may riches chase
And riches still may fly them
And when at last they've got them fast
Their heart's can ne'er enjoy them
Green grow the rushes

3d
Untill nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest art she classes
Her prentice han she tried on man
And then she made the Lasses
Green grow the rushes

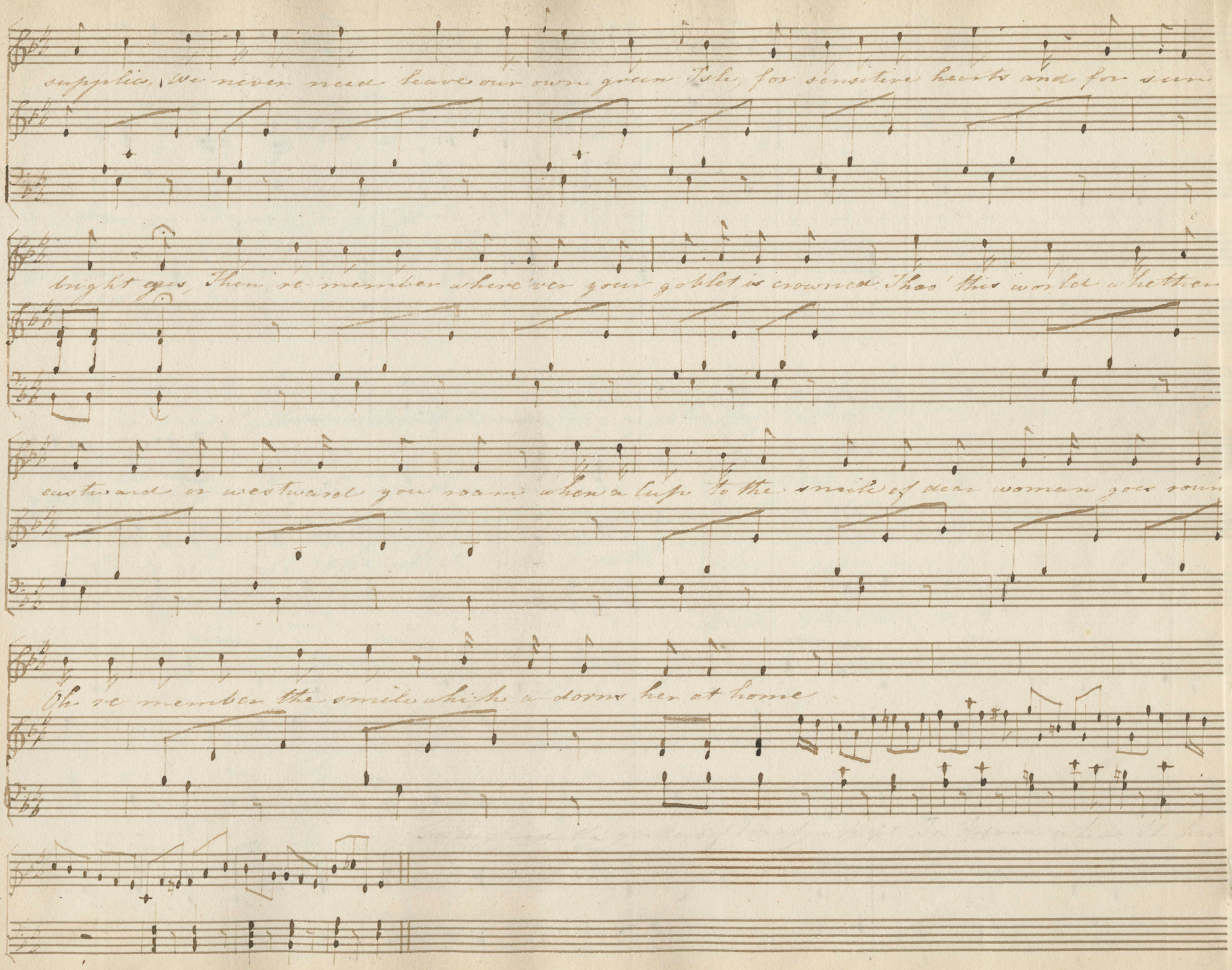
We may roam through this world

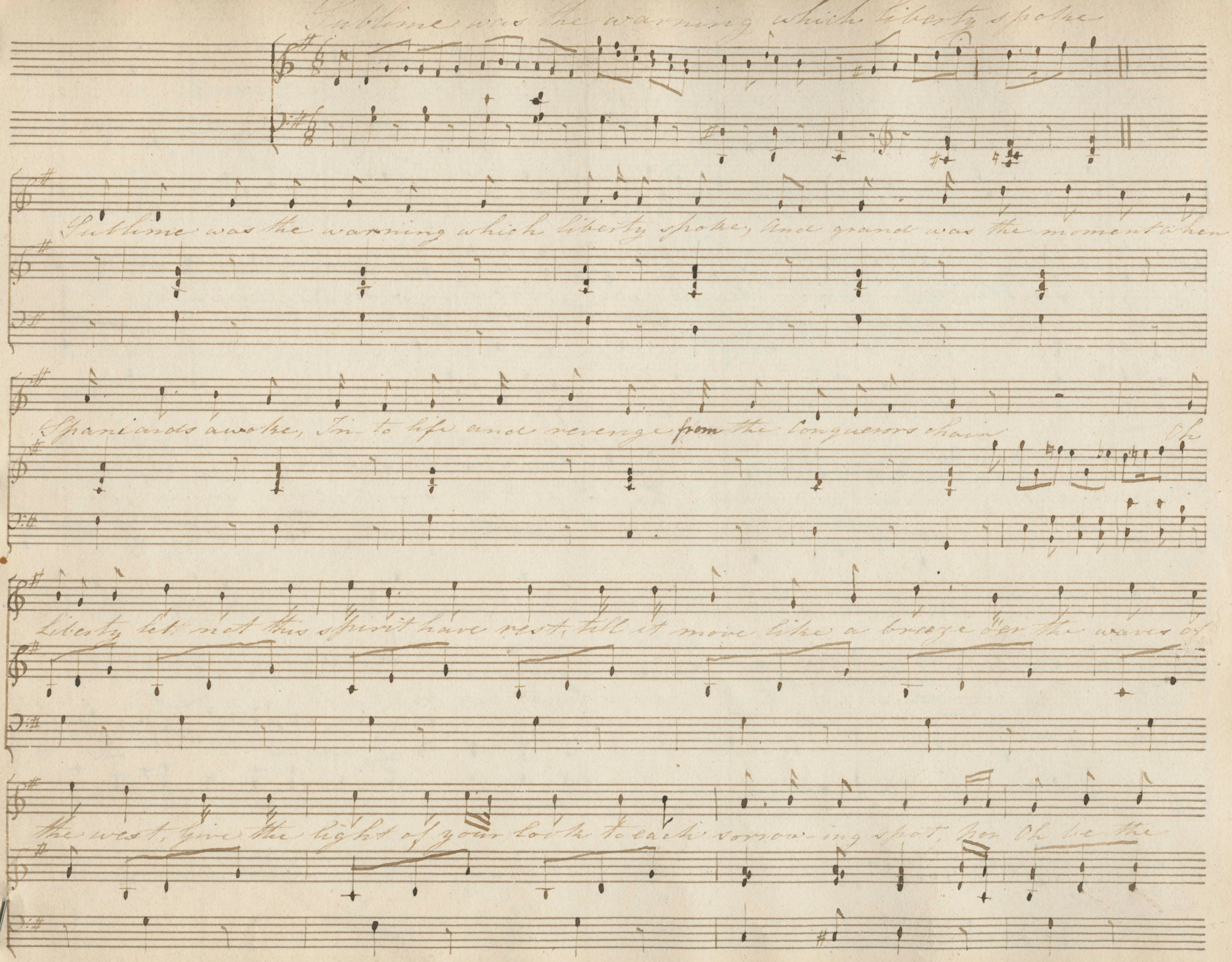
We may roam thro' this

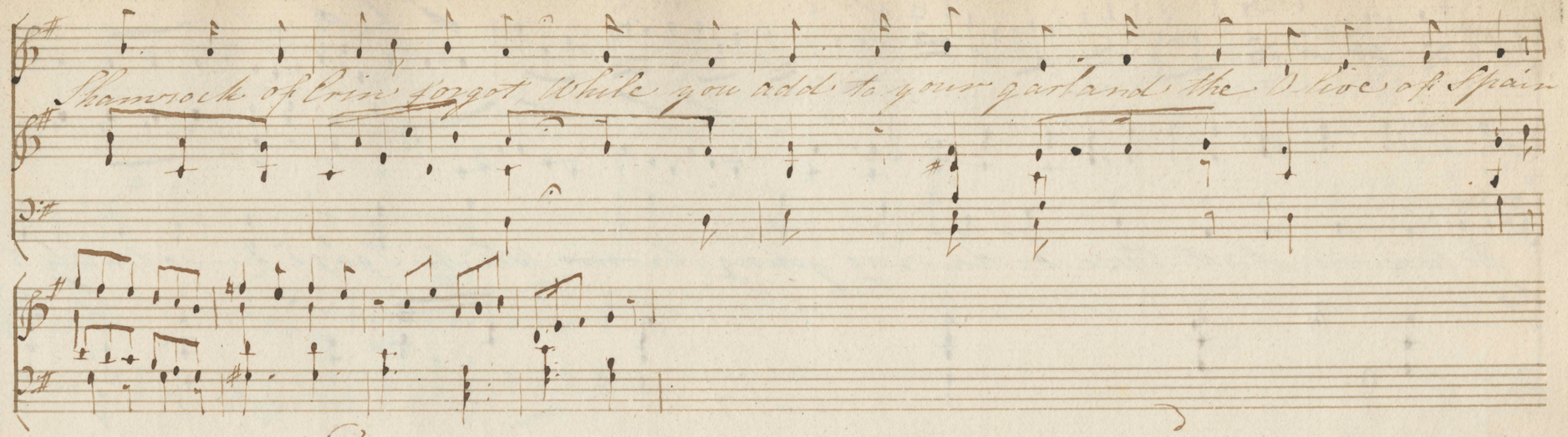
world like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet and then flies to the next

And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east We may order our wings and be

off to the west, But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile are the dearest gift that heav'n


supplies, We never need leave our own green Isle, for sensitive hearts and for sun
bright eyes, Then remember wherever your goblet is crowned, Tho' this world whether
eastward or westward you roam when a sigh to the smile of dear women your soul
Oh remember the smile which adorns her at home


Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke
Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke, And grand was the moment when
Spaniards awoke, In to life and revenge from the conquerors chain
Oh
Liberty let not this spirit have rest, till it move like a breeze O'er the waves of
the west, give the light of your looks to each sorrow-ing spot, Oh be the


Shamrock of Erin forgot While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain

2

If the fame of our fathers bequeath'd with their rights
Give to country its charm and to home its delights
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain
Then ye men of Iberia whose cause is the same
And Oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name
Who would ask for a nobler a holier death
Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain

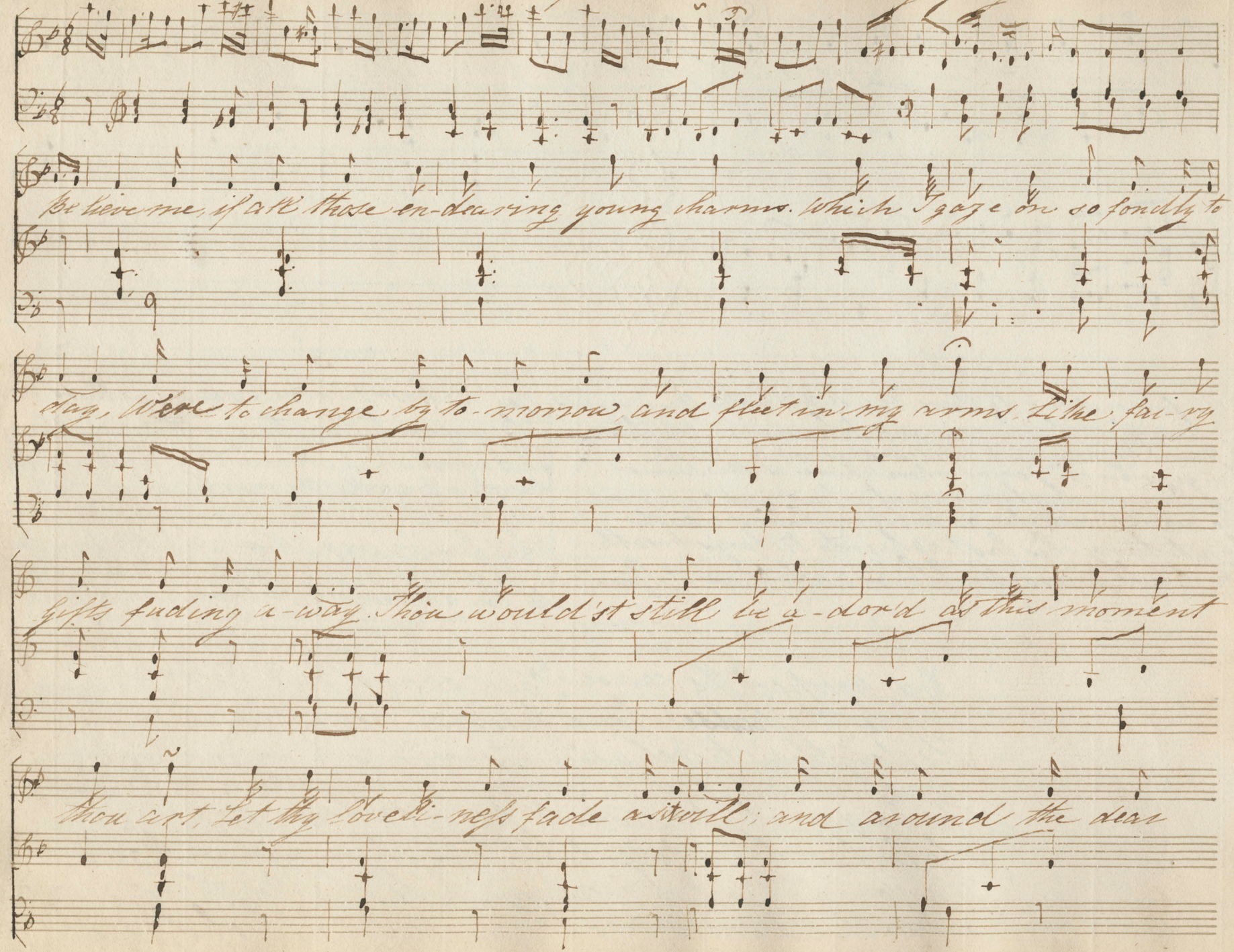
3

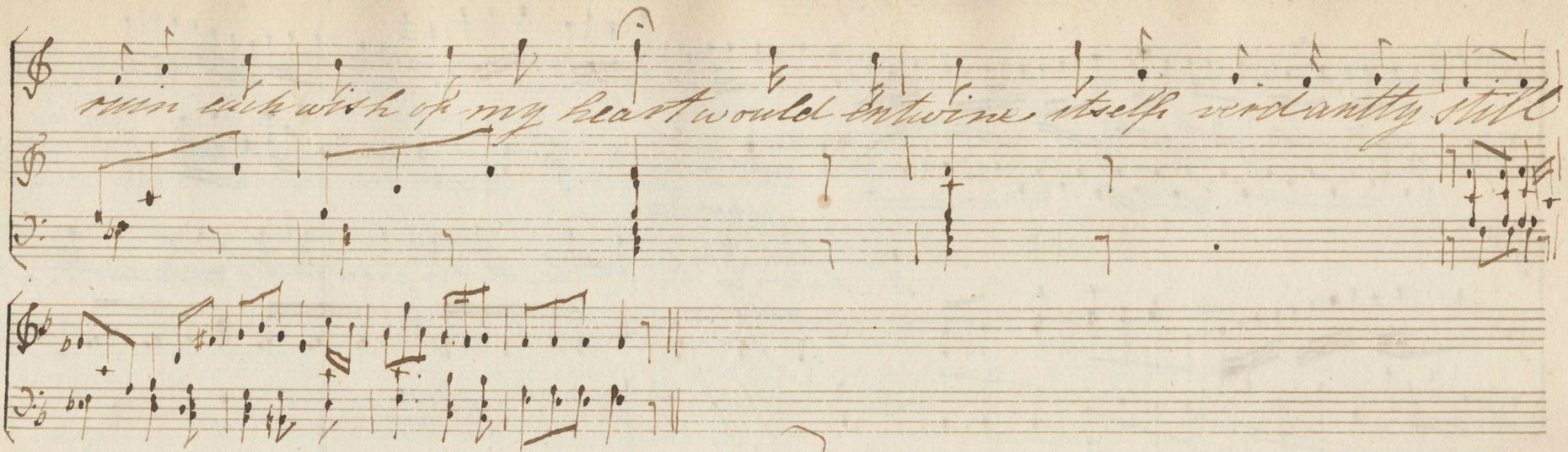
Ye Blakes & O'Donnels whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth among stranger to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain
Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin as calm and as bright
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws
Like a truant her hand in the long slegled cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain

4

God prosper the cause Oh! it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die
The finger of glory shall point where they lie
While far from the footsteps of coward or Slave
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain

Believe me if all those endearing young charms

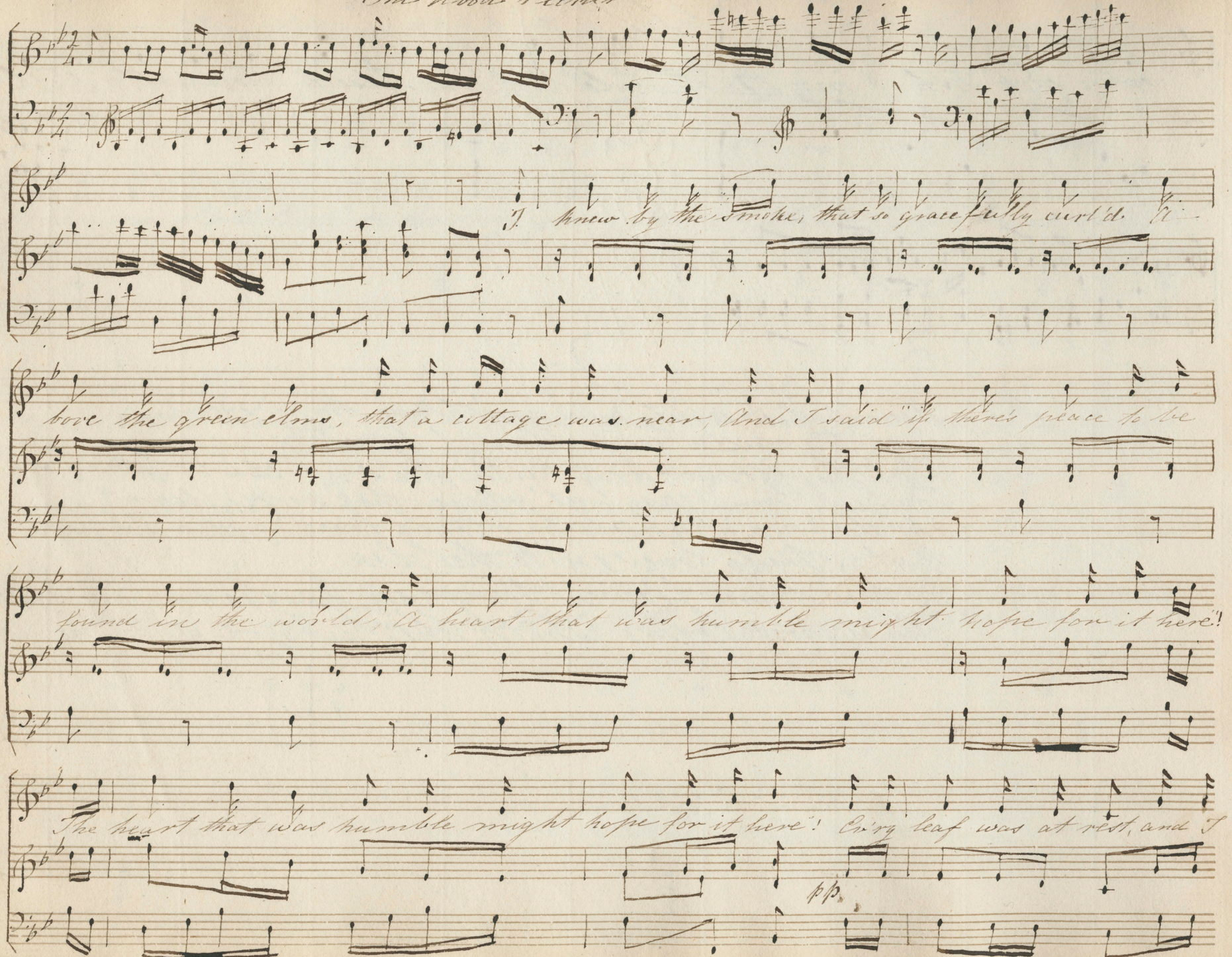


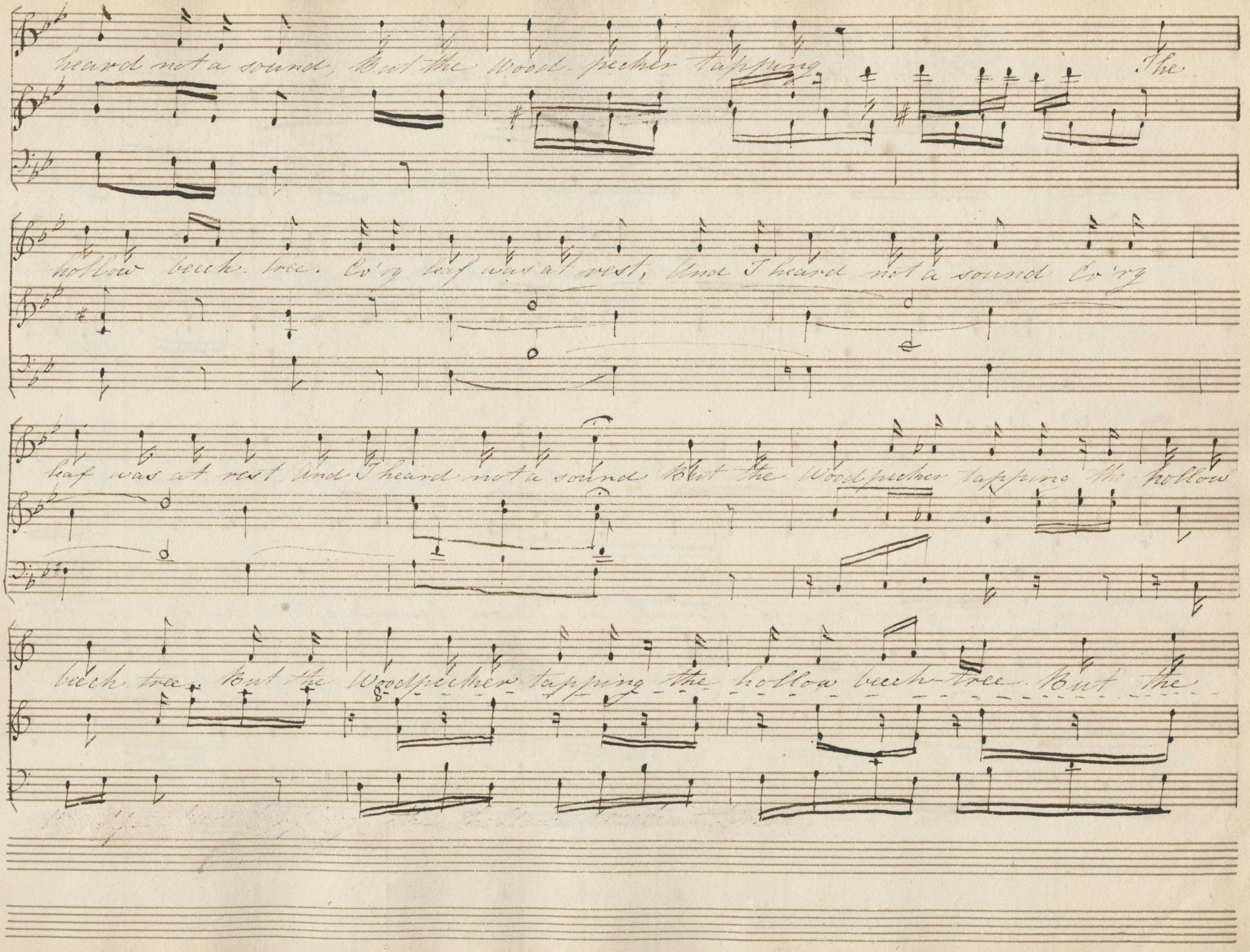


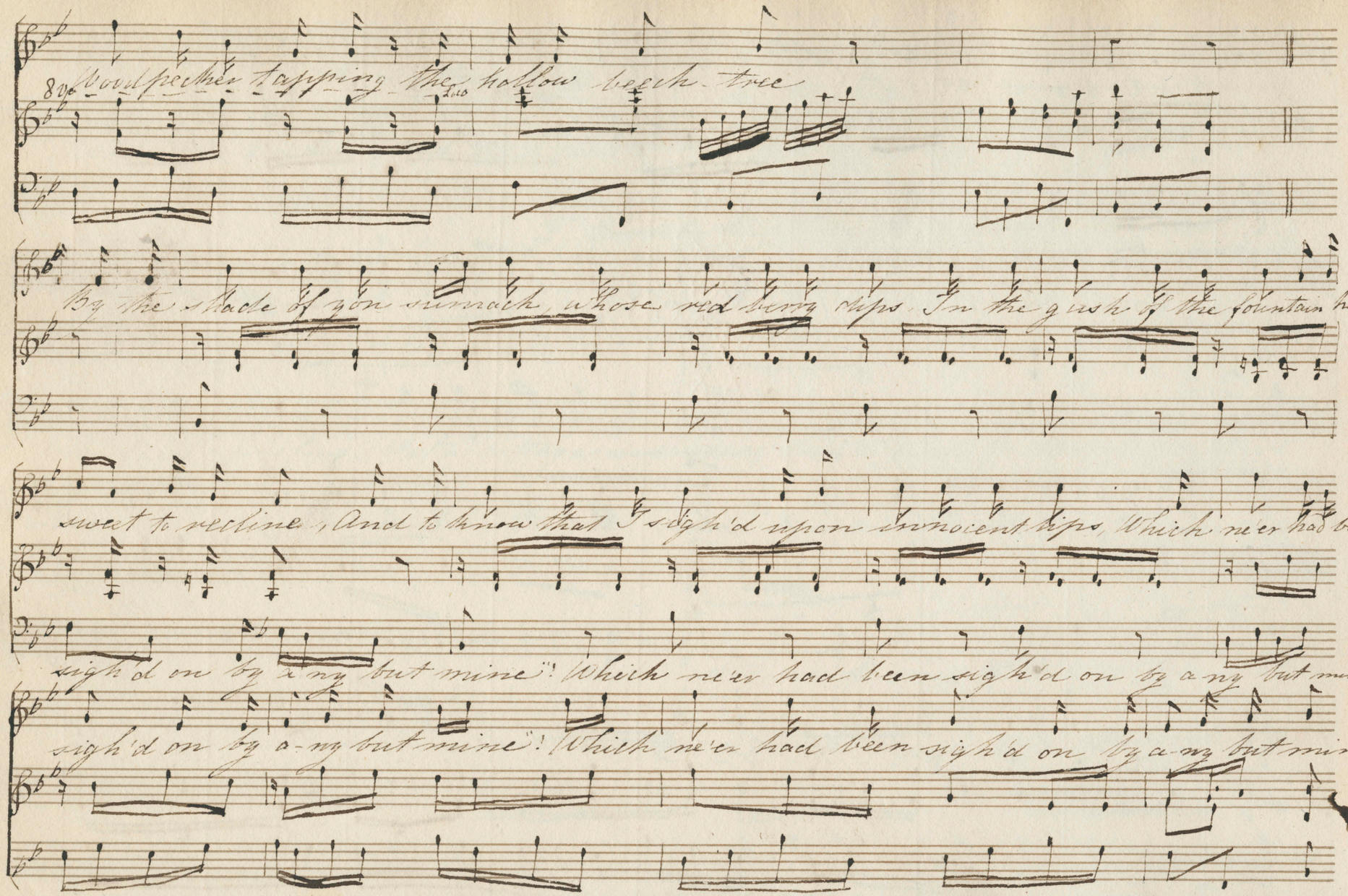
2

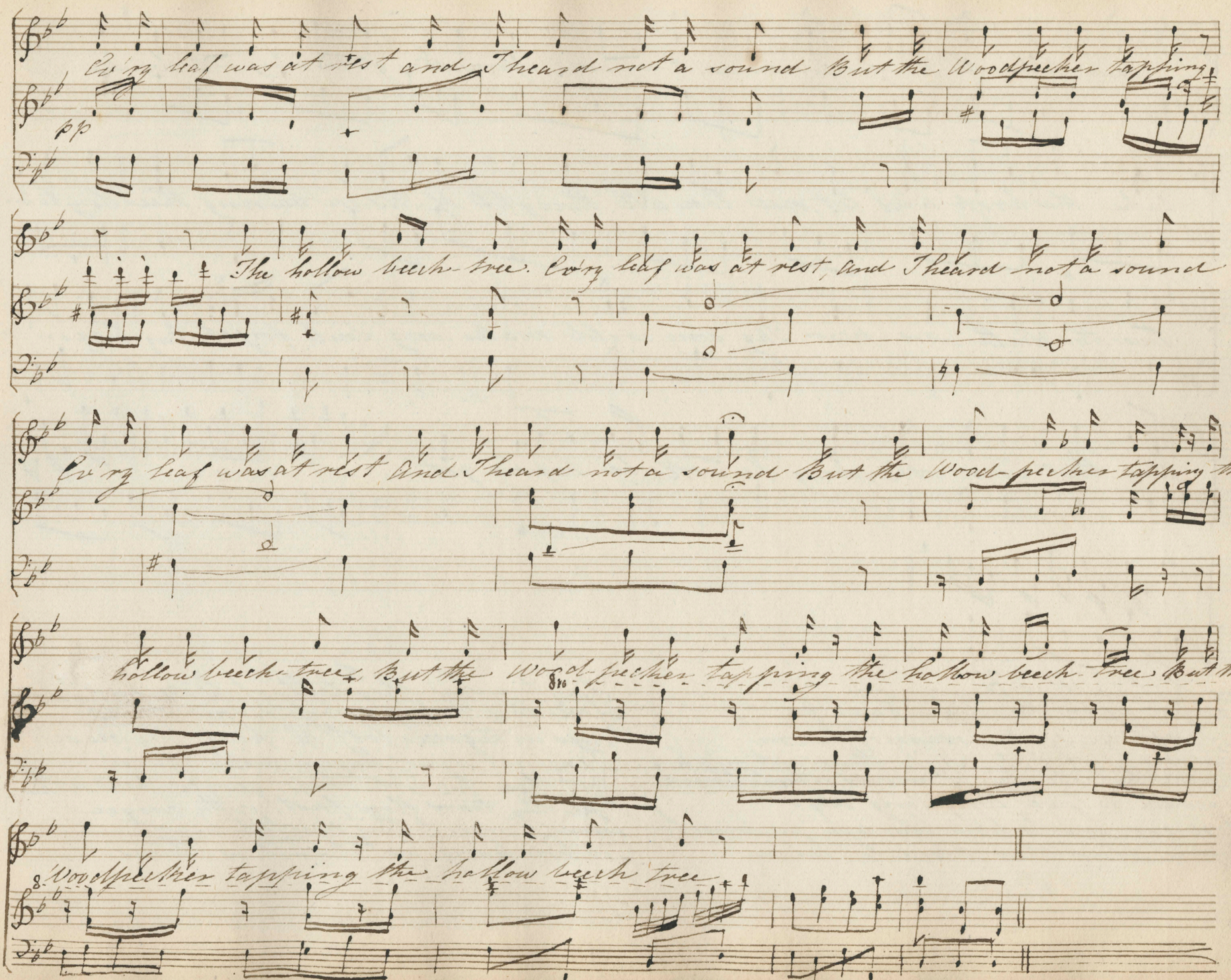
Tis not while beauty and youth are thine own
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known
To which time can but make thee more dear
Oh the heart which has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close
As the Sun flower turns on her God when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose

The Wood Pecker

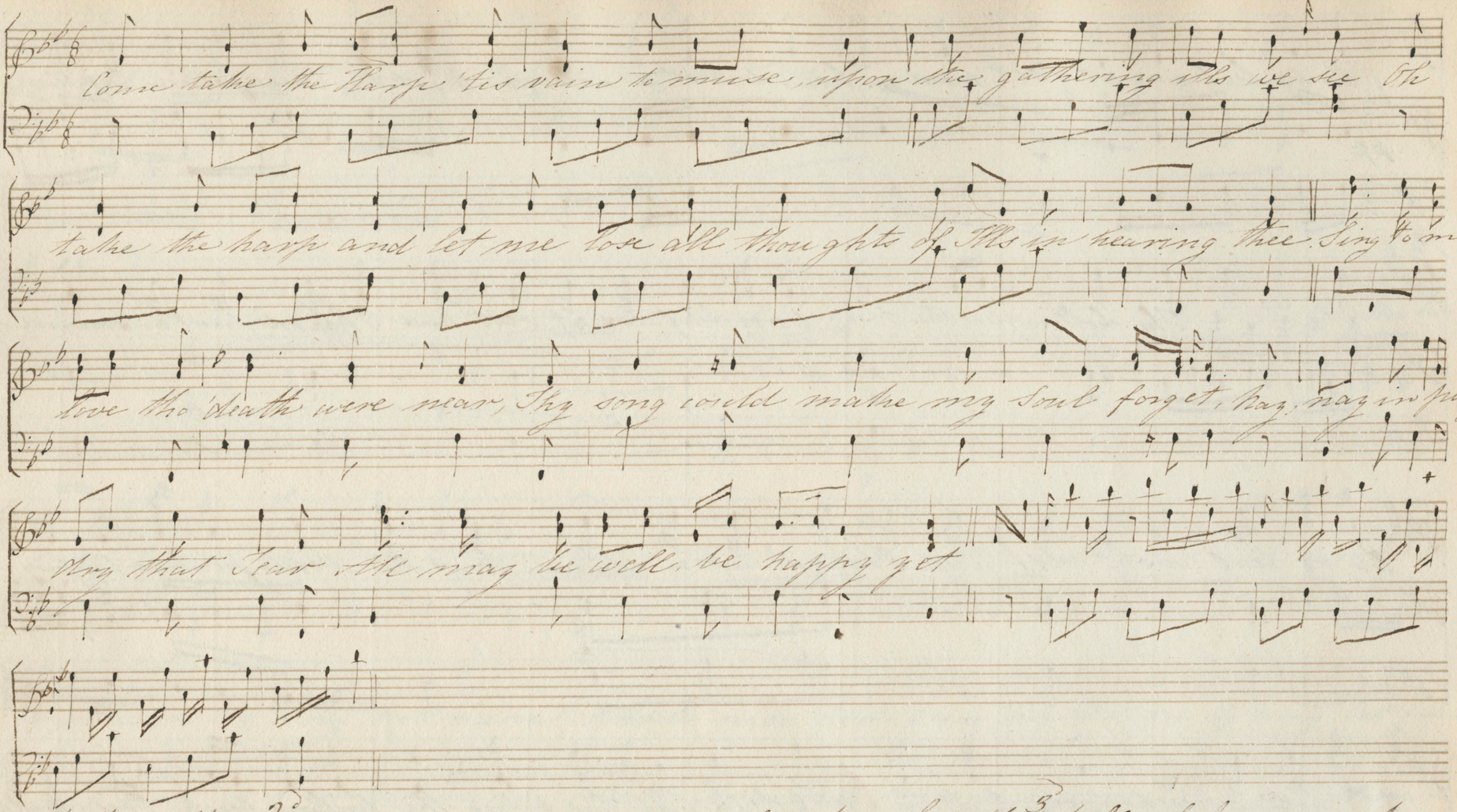



heard not a sound, but the Wood pecker tapping the
hollow beech tree. Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound Ev'ry
leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound but the Woodpecker tapping the hollow
beech tree, but the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. But the


8va
Woodpeckers tapping the hollow beech tree
By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry lips In the gush of the fountain how
sweet to recline, And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips, Which ne'er had been
sigh'd on by a-ny but mine! Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by a-ny but mine
sigh'd on by a-ny but mine! Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by a-ny but mine


Ev'ry leaf was at rest and I heard not a sound But the Woodpecker tapping
pp
The hollow beech tree. Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
Ev'ry leaf was at rest And I heard not a sound But the Wood-pecker tapping the
hollow beech tree, But the Wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech tree But the
8va
Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree

Come take the Harp


Come take the Harp 'tis vain to muse, upon the gathering ills we see Oh
take the harp and let me lose all thoughts of Ills in hearing thee. Sing to me
love tho' death were near, Thy song could make my Soul forget, nay, nay in pity
dry that Tear All may be well, be happy yet

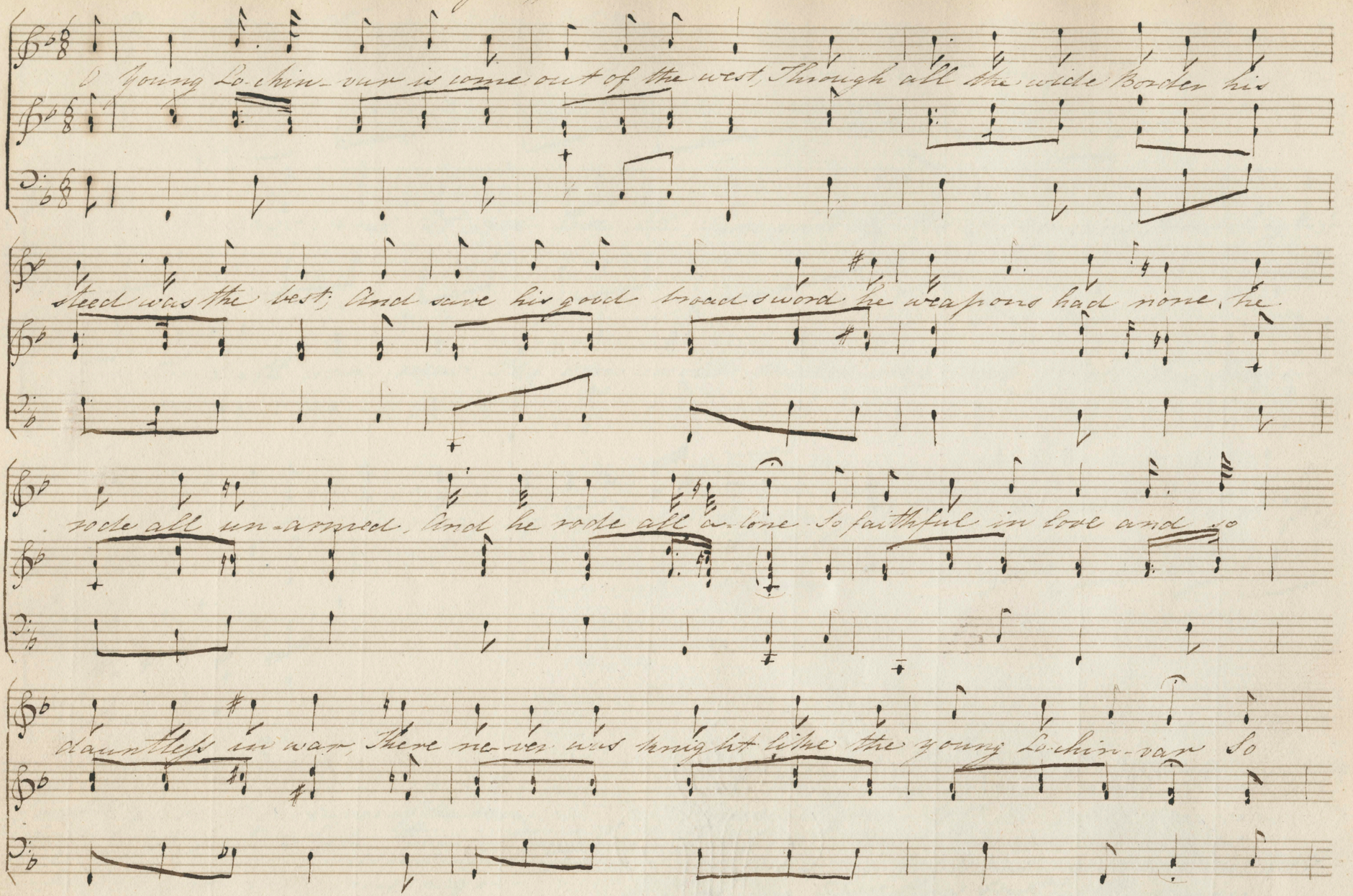
2

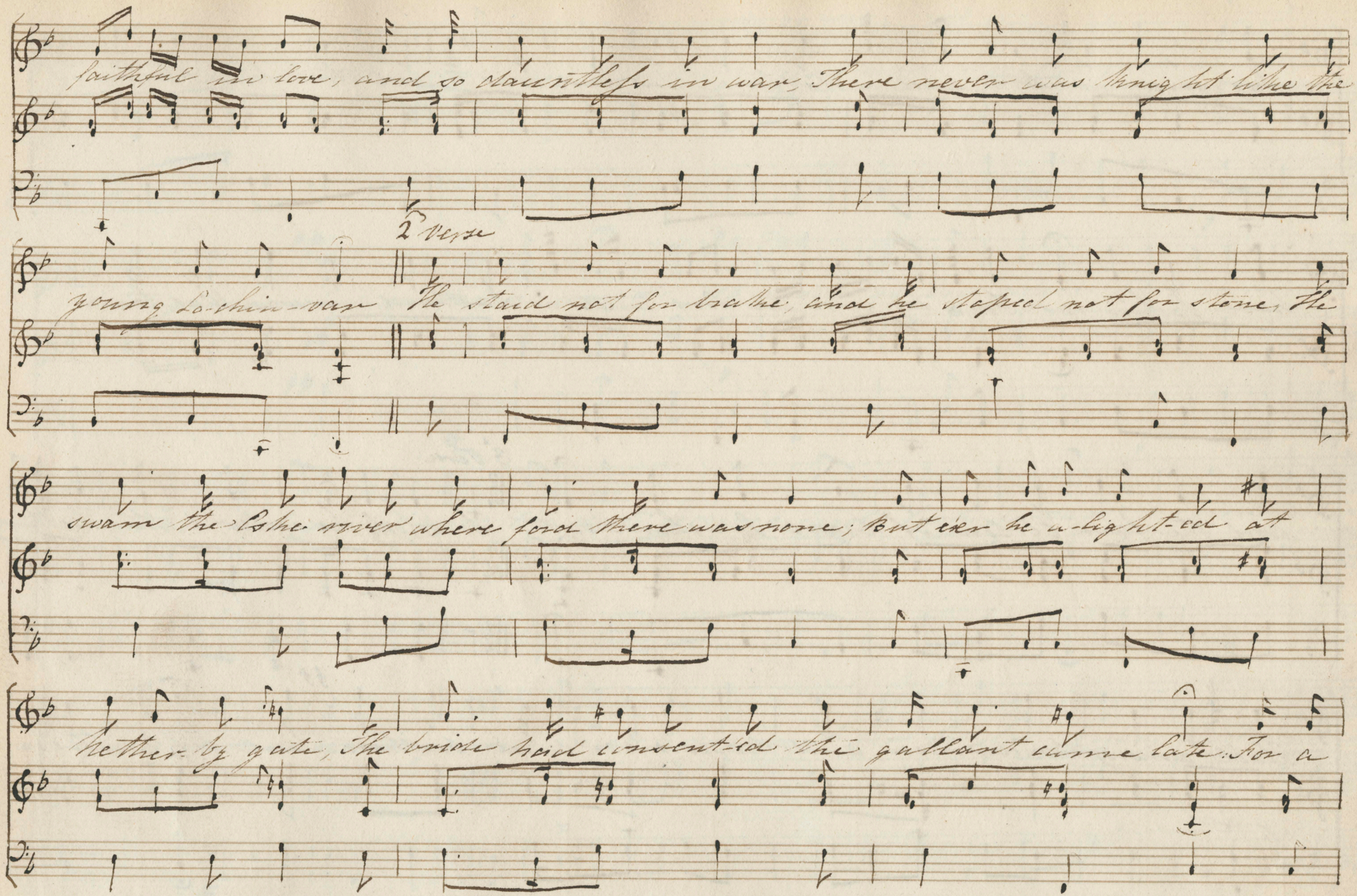
Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie
And I will cease to dream of harm
Will smile at fate while thou art nigh
Give me that strain of mournful touch
We used to love long long ago
Before our hearts had known as much
As now alas! they bleed to know

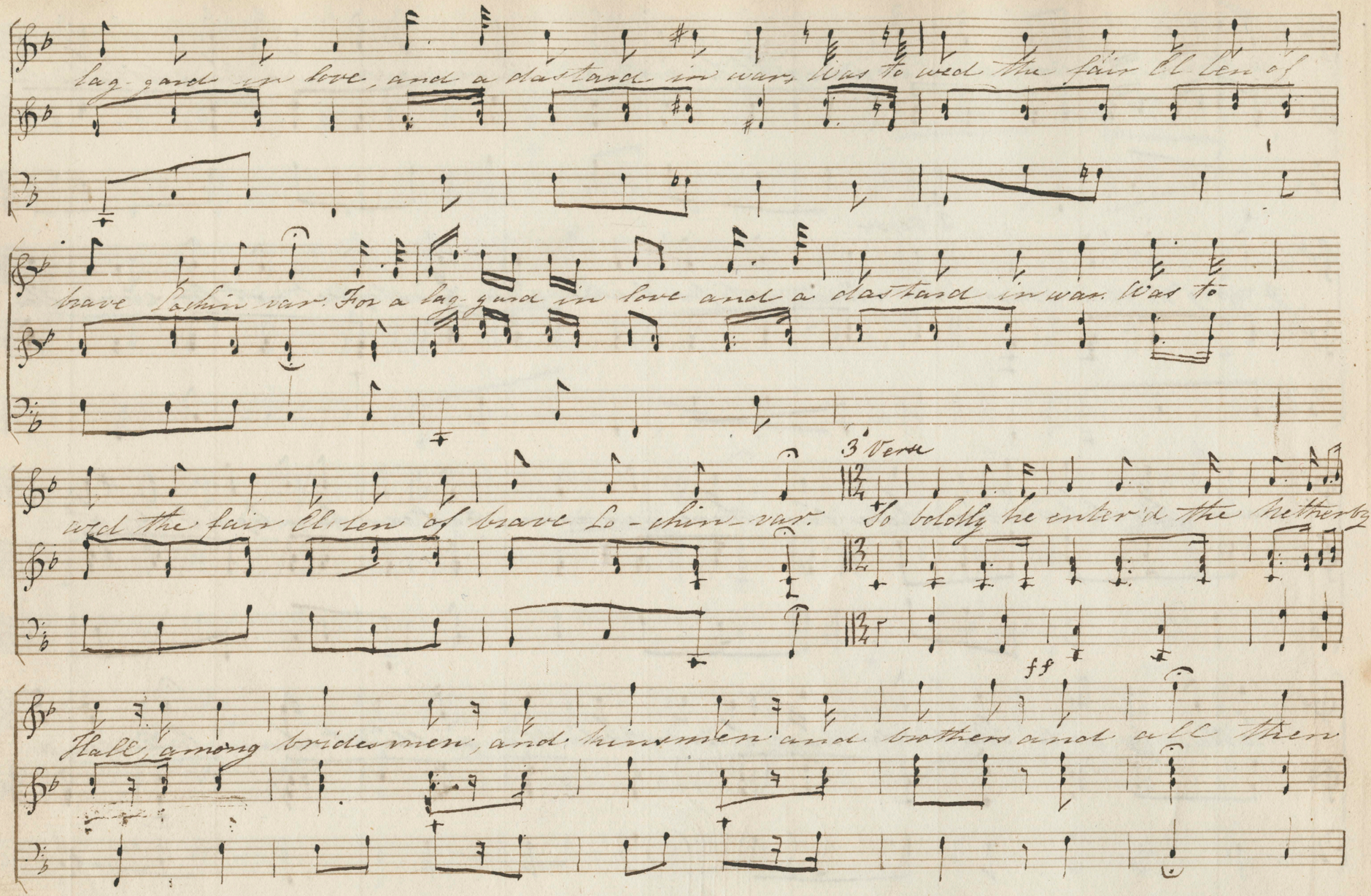
3

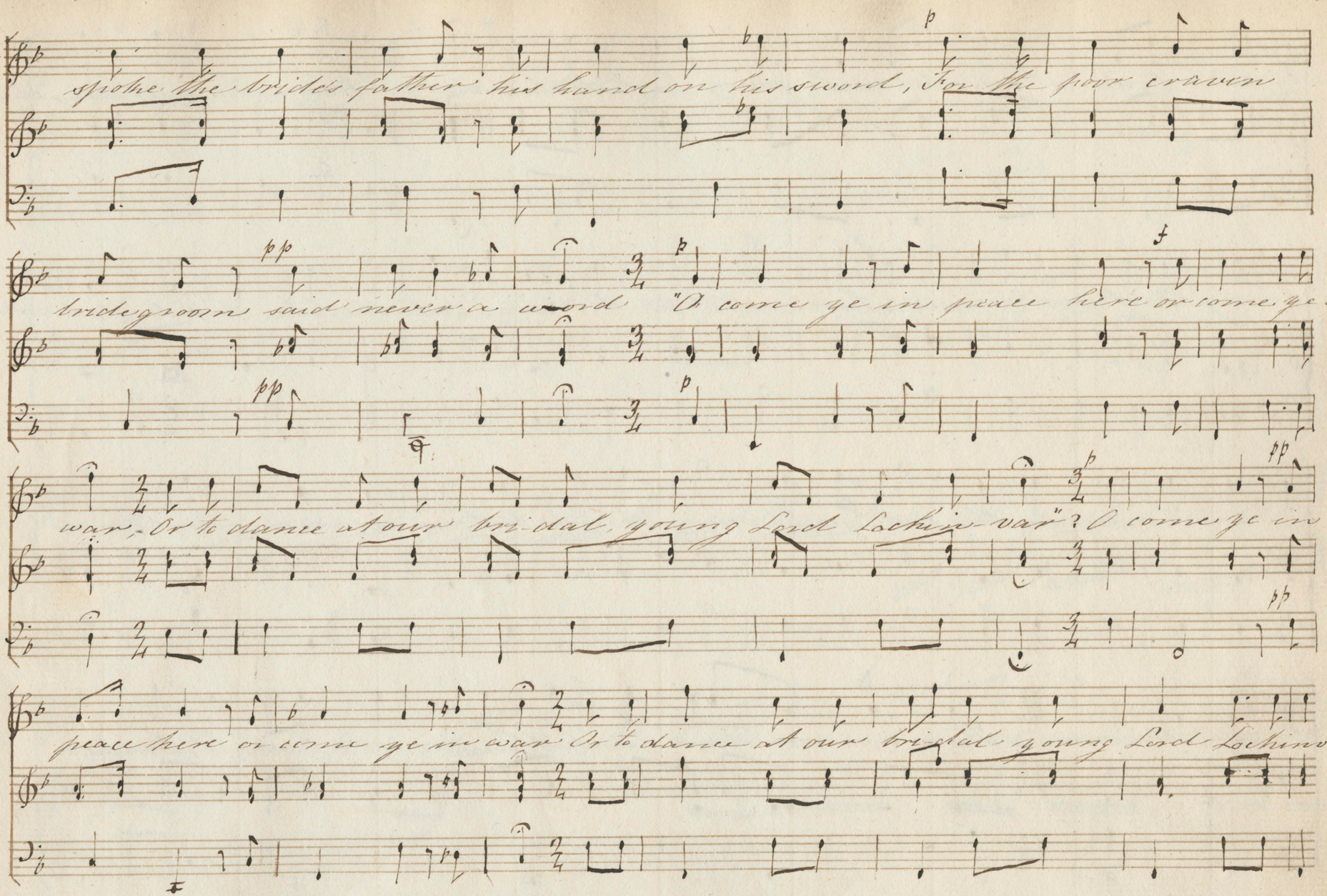
Sweet notes they tell of former peace
Of all that looked so rapturous then
Now withered lost Oh! pray thee cease
I cannot bear these sounds again
Art thou too wretched, yes yes thou art
I see thy tears flow fast with mine
Come Home to this devoted heart
'Tis breaking but it still is thine

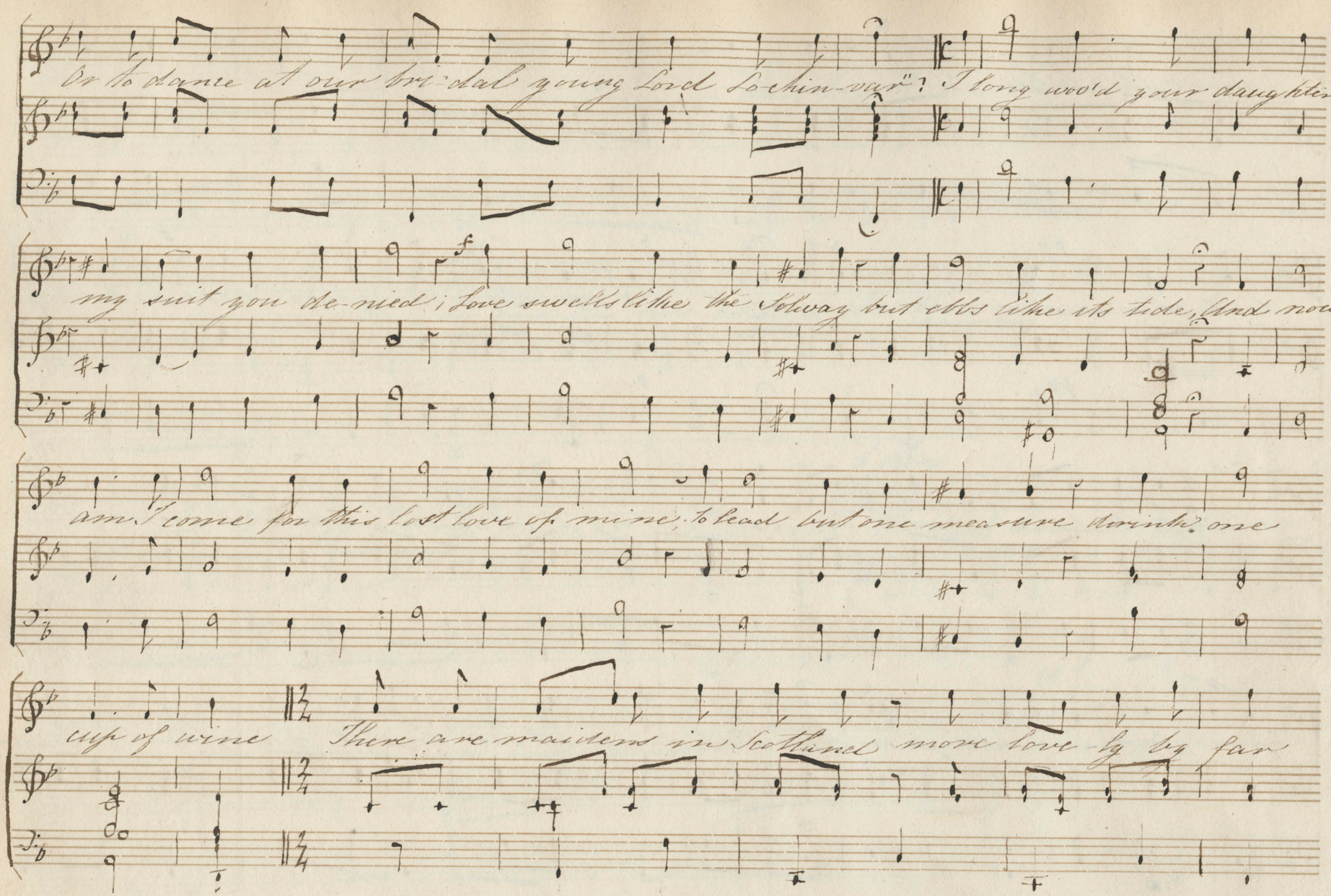
Young Lochinvar

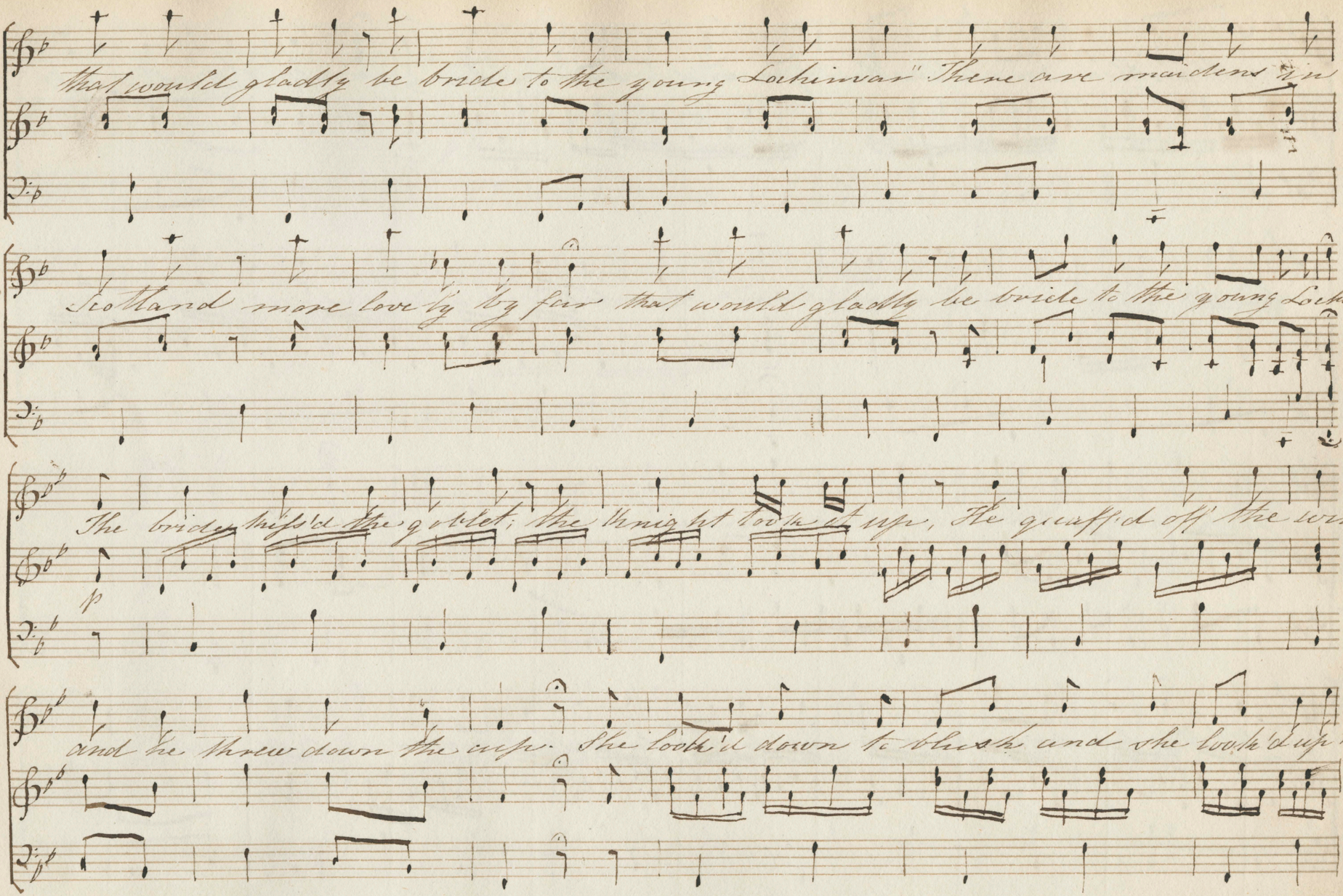


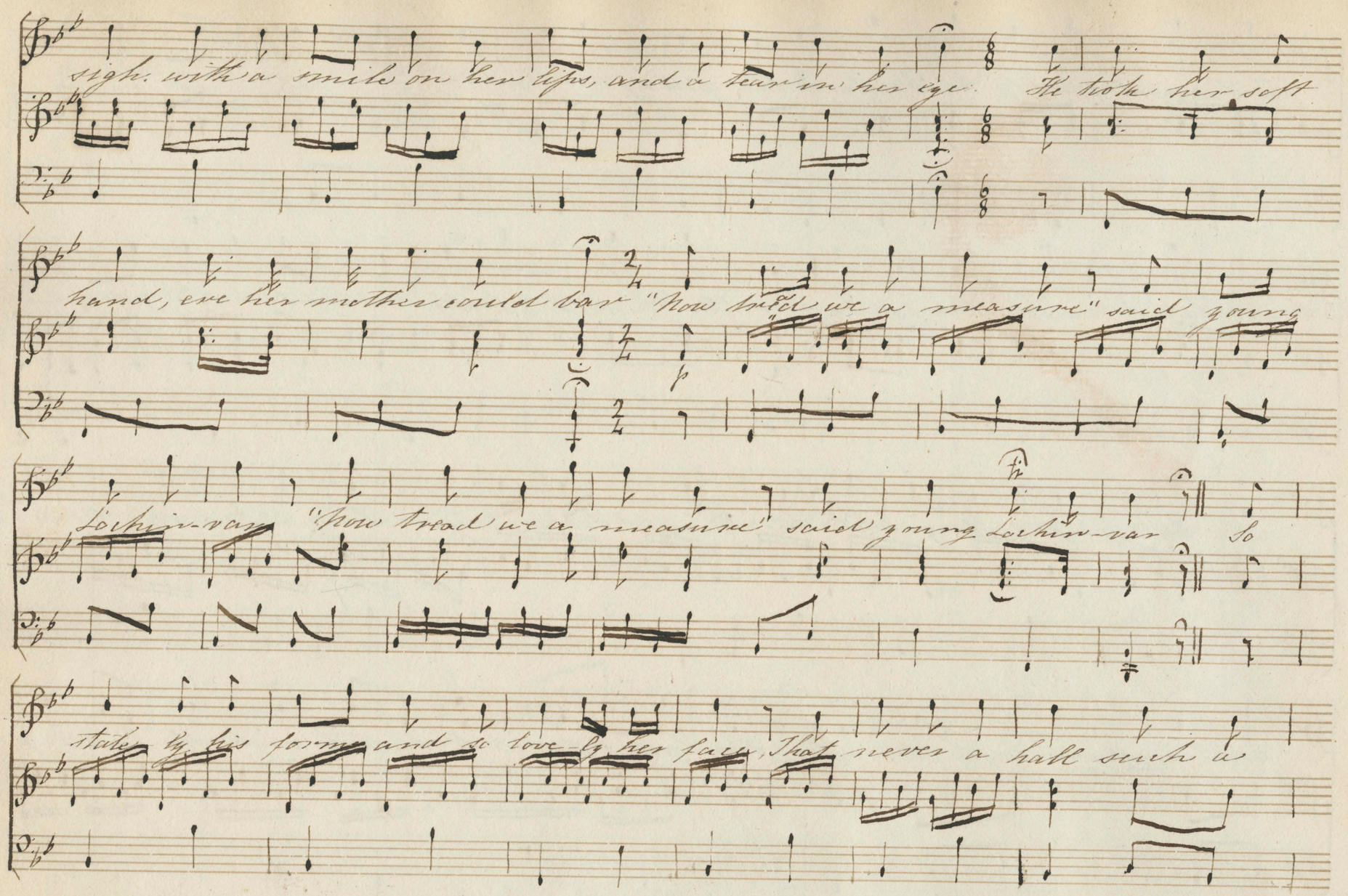

faithfull in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the
2 Verse
young Lo-chin-var He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone, He
swam the Eske river where ford there was none; but ere he a-light-ed at
Netherby gate, The bride had consented the gallant came late. For a

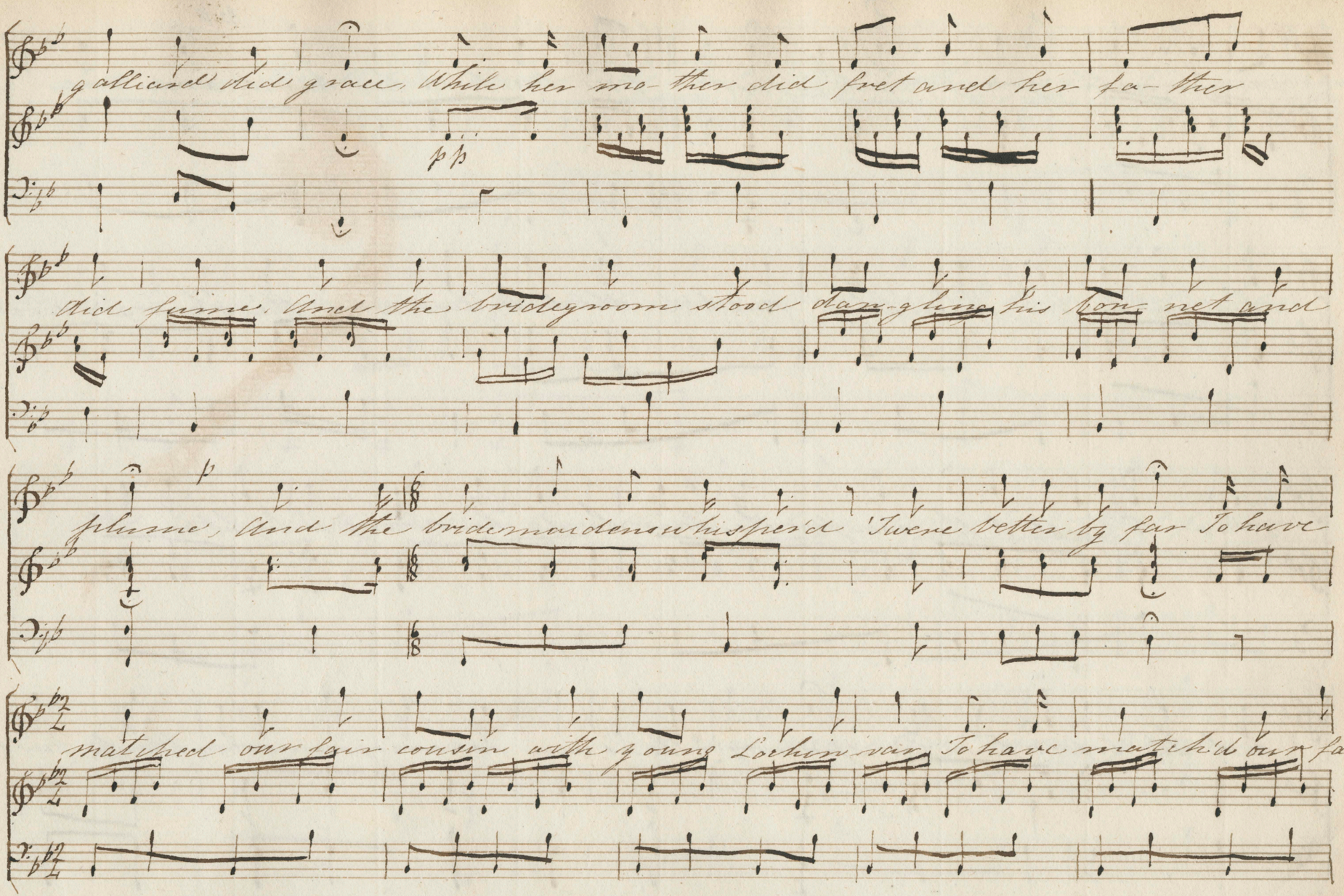

lag-gards in love, and a dastard in war, was to wed the fair El-len of
brave Lochin-var. For a lag-gard in love and a dastard in war was to
3 Verse
wed the fair El-len of brave Lo-chin-var. So boldly he enter'd the Nether-by
ff
Hall, among bridesmen, and kinsmen and brothers and all them

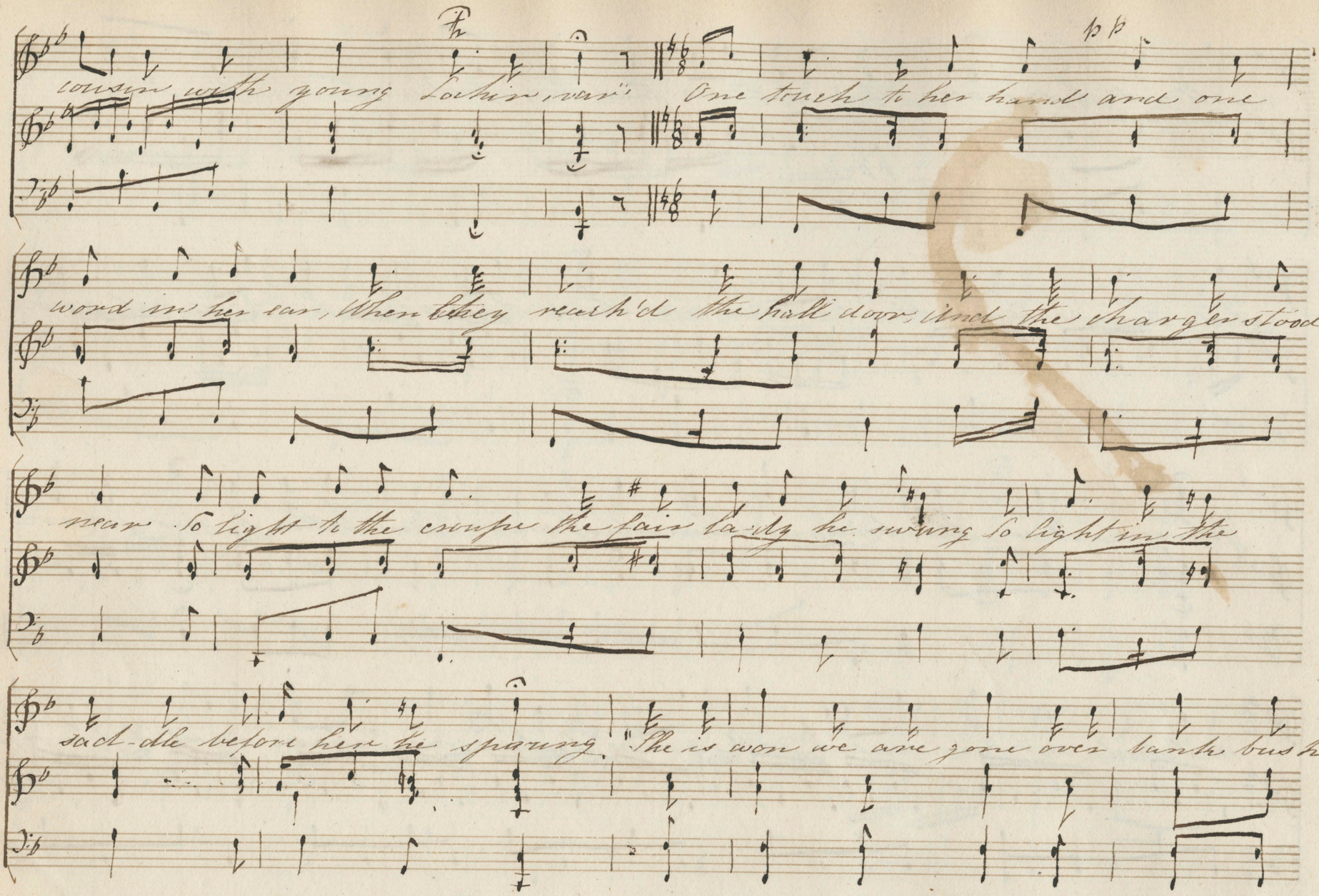

spoke the brides father his hand on his sword, For the poor craven
bridegroom said never a word "O come ye in peace here or come ye in
war, Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar"? O come ye in
peace here or come ye in war Or to dance at our bridal young Lord Lochinvar


Or to dance at our bri-dal young Lord Lo-chin-var? I long wo'd your daughter
my suit you de-nied; Love sweeps like the Solway but ebbs like its tide, And now
am I come for this lost love of mine, to lead but one measure drink one
cup of wine There are maidens in Scotland more love-ly by far


that would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar" There are maidens in
Scotland more lovely by far that would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar
The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up, He quaff'd off the wine
p
and he threw down the cup. She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to


sighs with a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft
hand, ere her mother could bar "Now tread we a measure" said young
Lochin-var "Now tread we a measure" said young Lochin-var So
stately by his form and so lovely by her face, That never a hall such a


gallant did grace. While her mo- ther did fret and her fa- ther
did fume. And the bridegroom stood dan-gling his bon- net and
plume, And the bridemaidens whispe'rd 'Twere better by far To have
matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-var. To have matched our fair

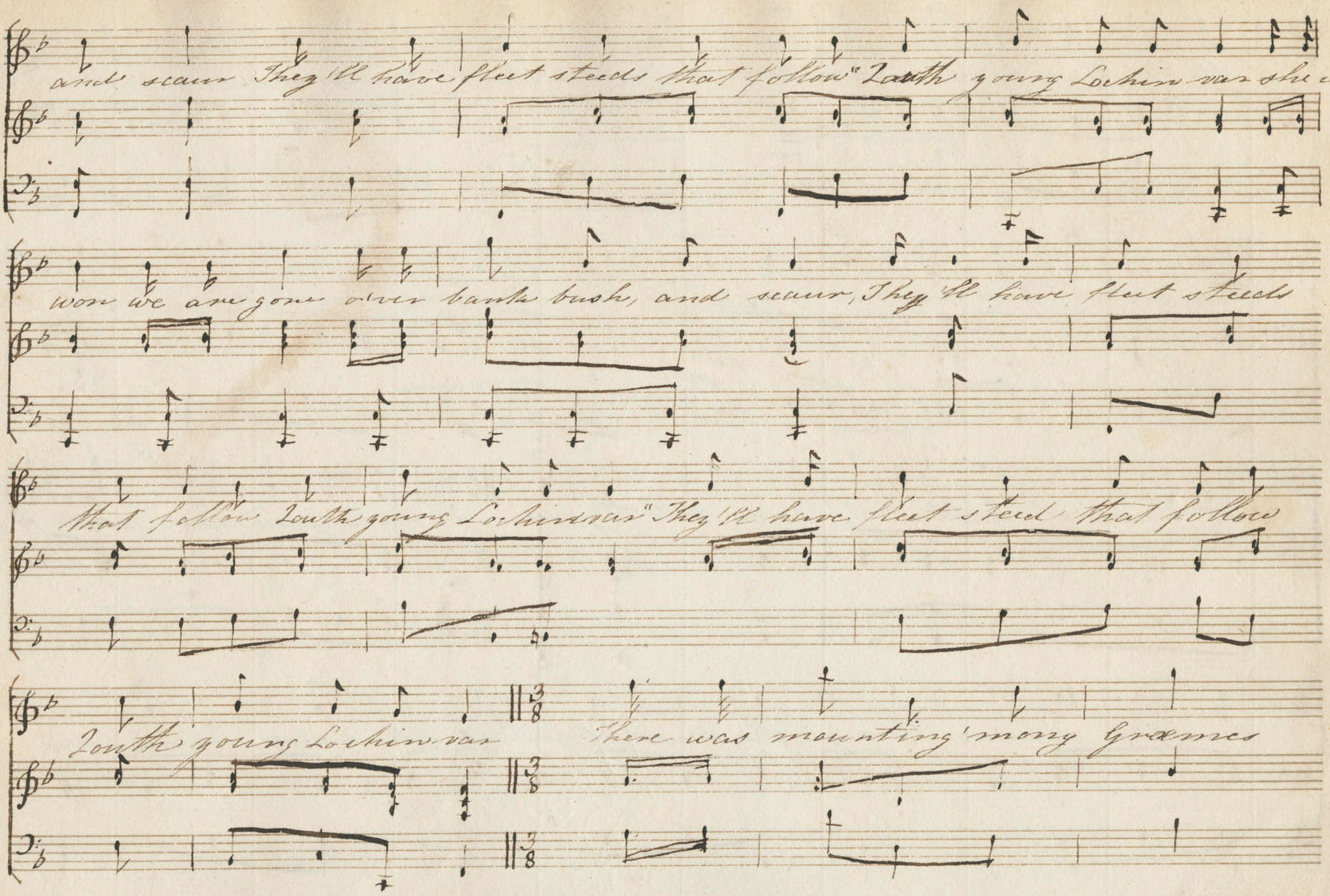

cousin with young Lochinvar. One touch to her hand and one
word in her ear, When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood
near. So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung So light in the
sad-dle before her he sprung. "She is won we are gone over bank bush

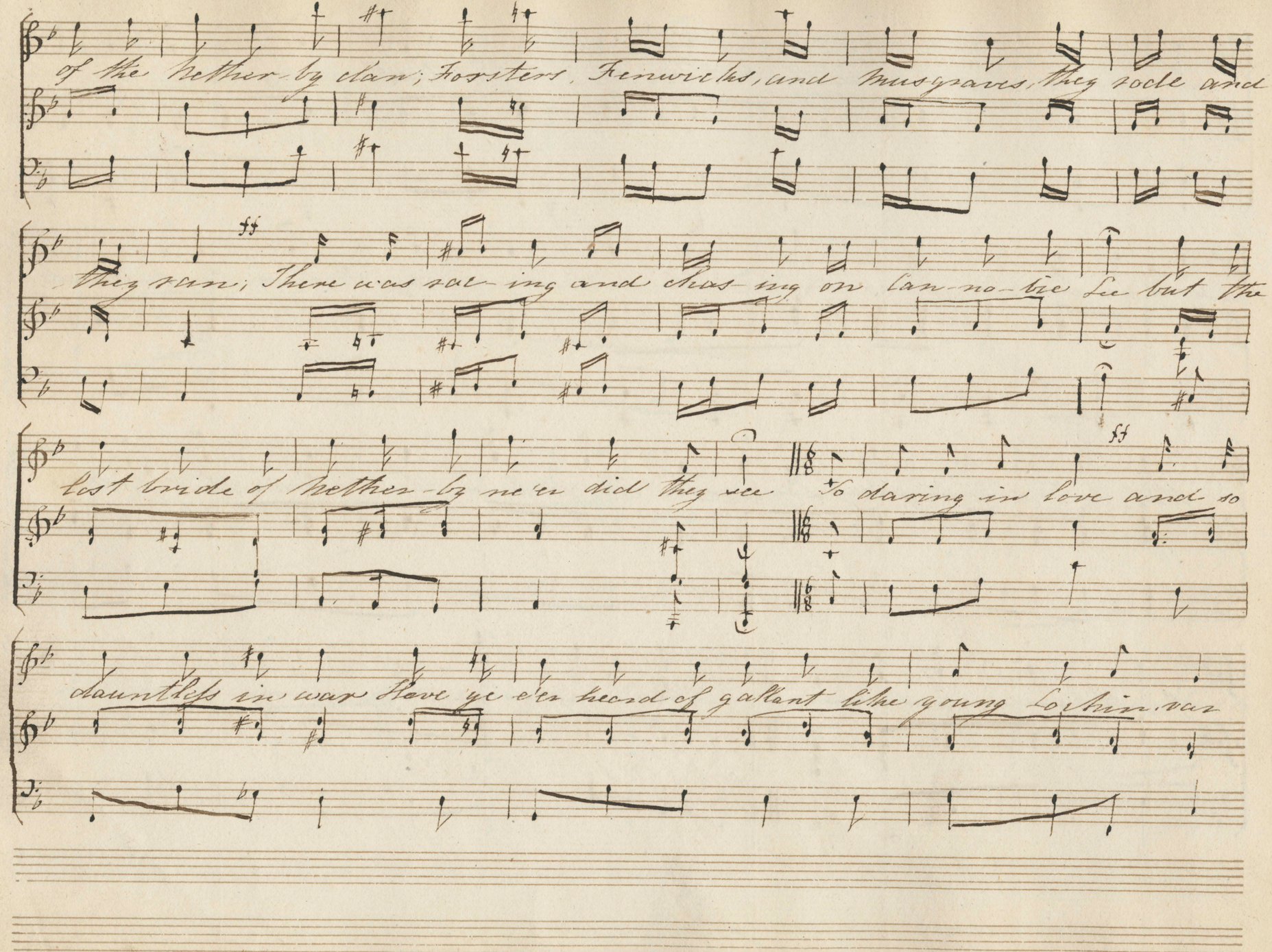
and scaur They'll have fleet steeds that follow" Youth young Lochin var she is

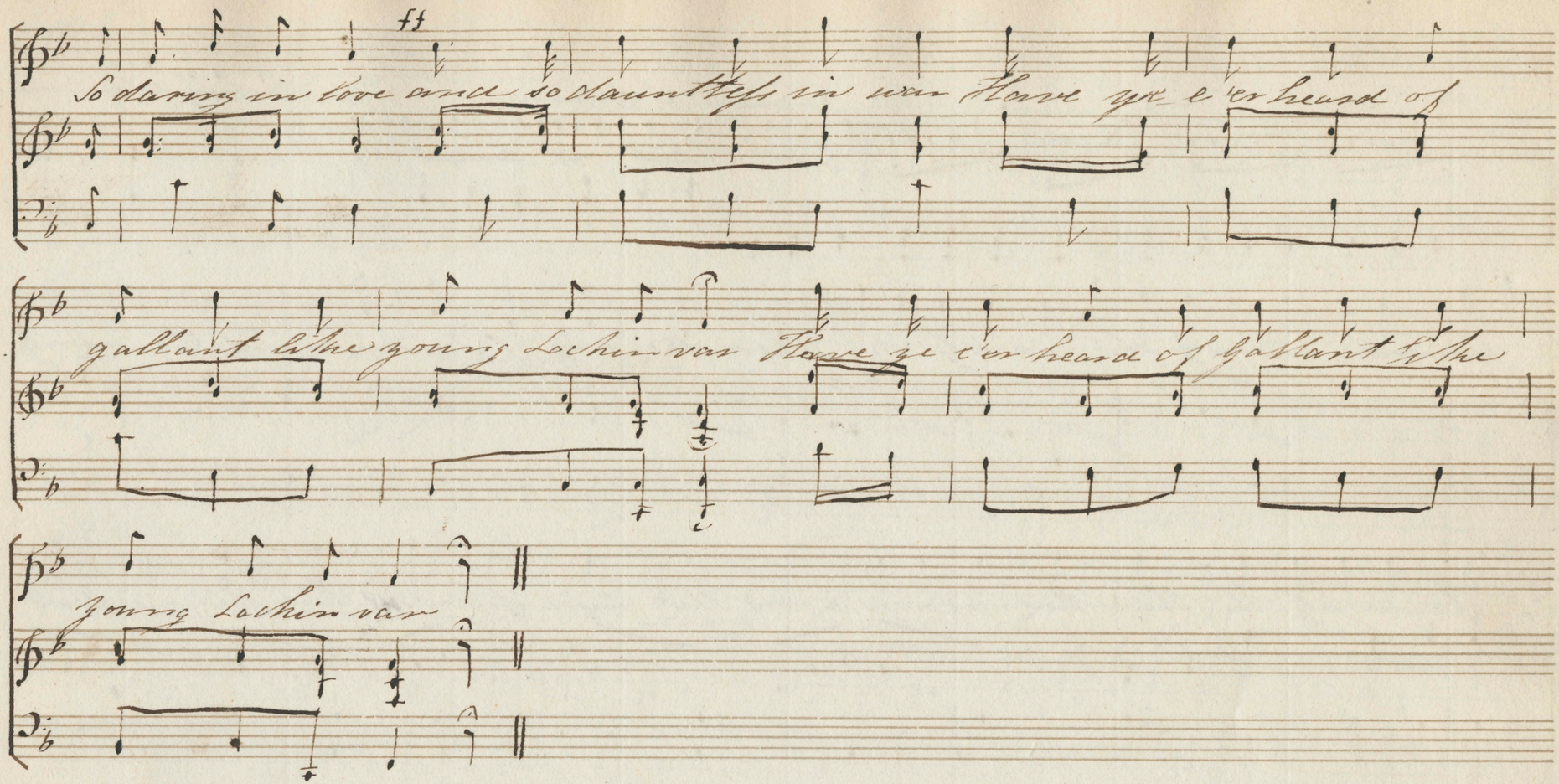
won we are gone o'ver bank bush, and scaur, They'll have fleet steeds

that follow Youth young Lochinvar" They'll have fleet steed that follow

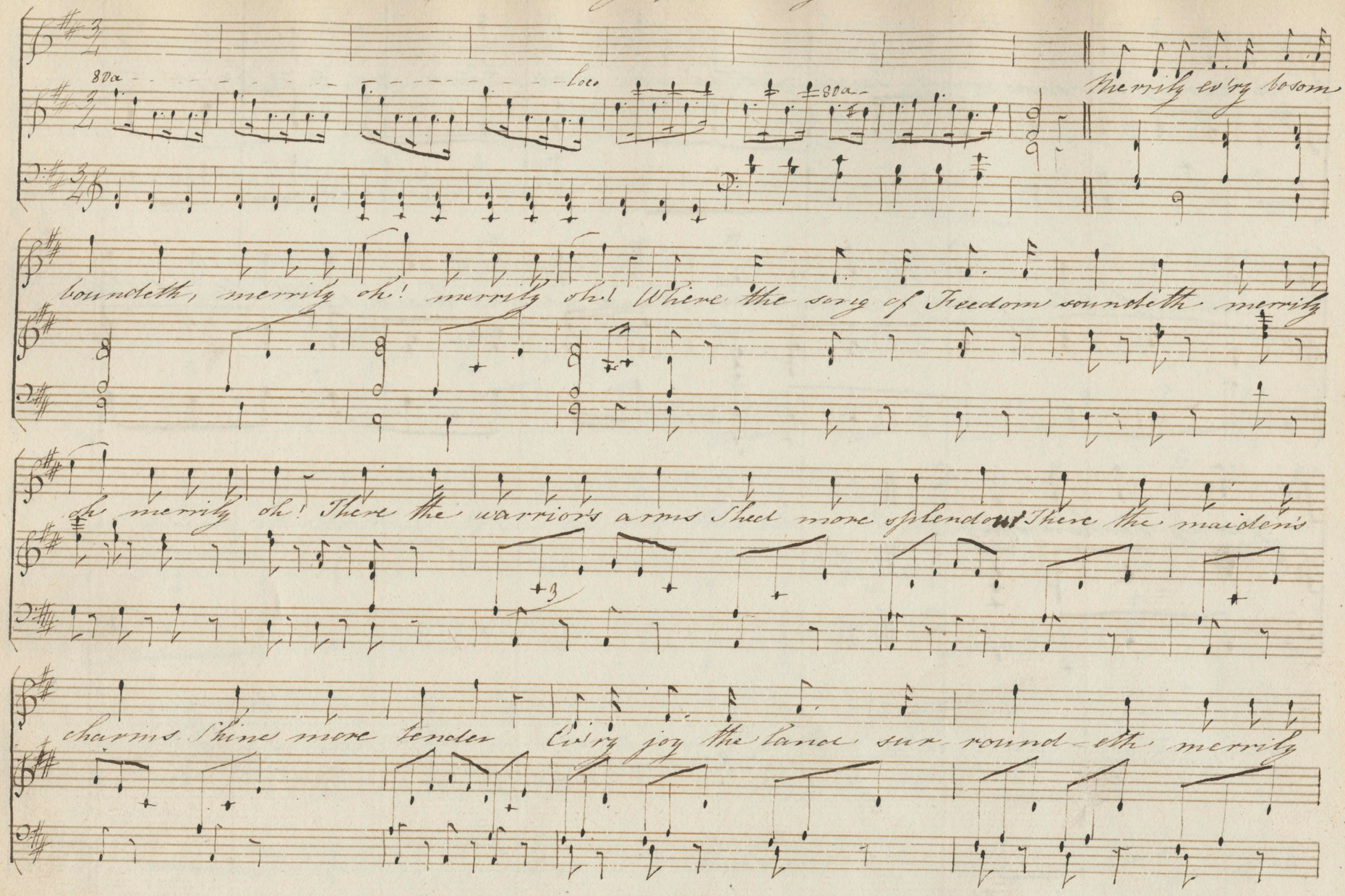
Youth young Lochinvar There was mounting 'mony Graemes

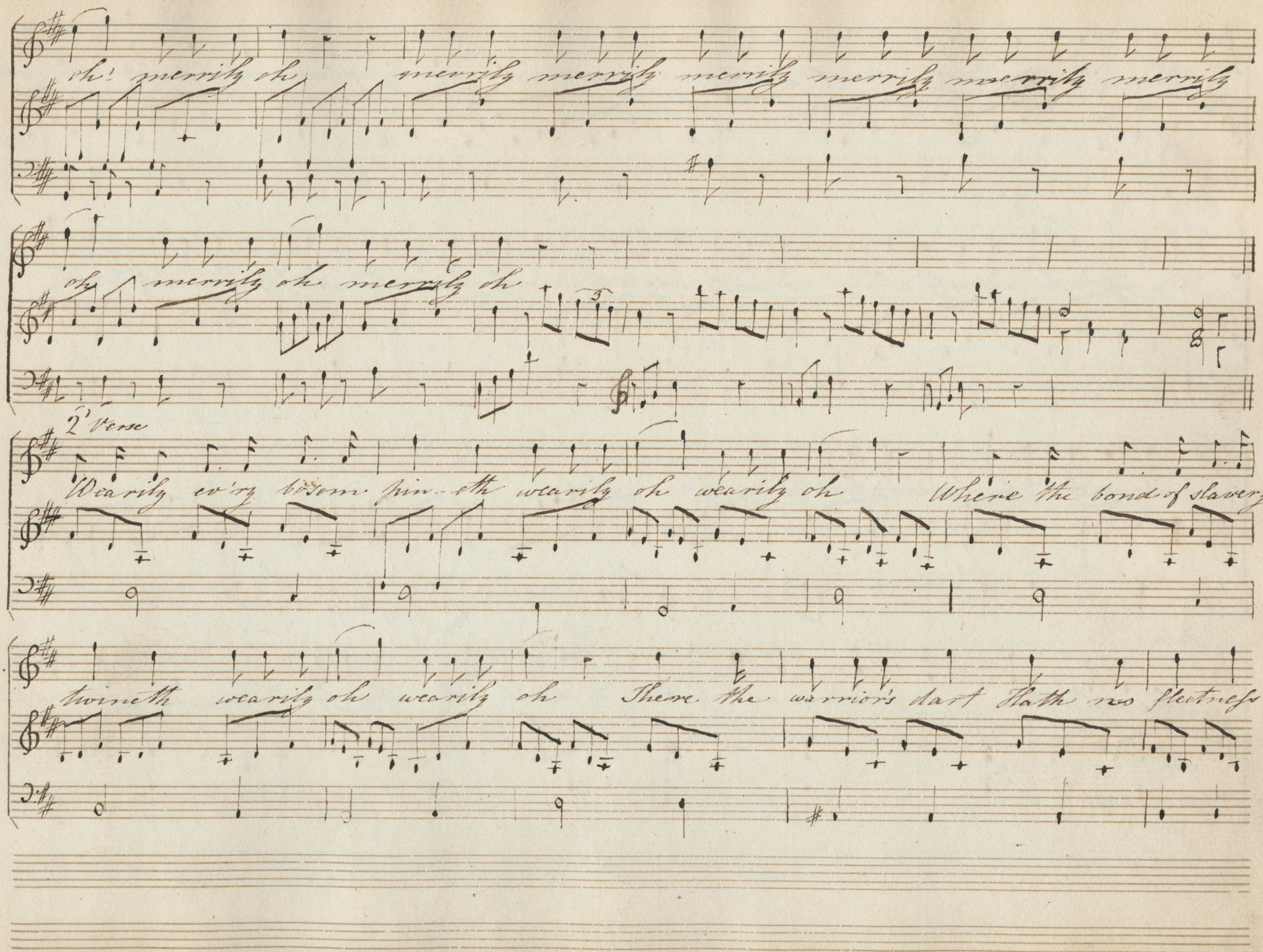


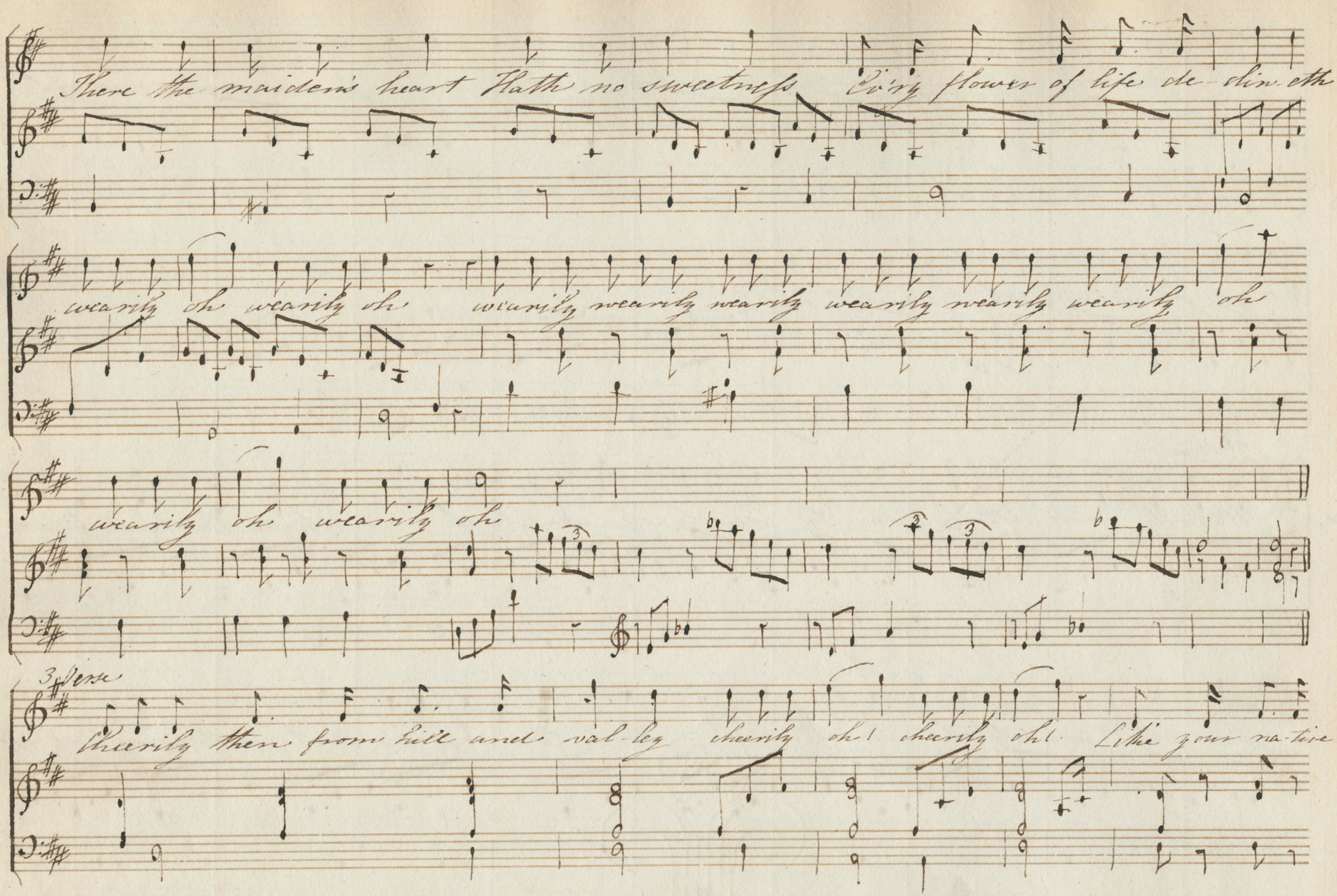

of the Nether-by clan; Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
ff
they ran; There was rae-ing and chas-ing on Can-no-bie Lee but the
lost bride of Nether-by ne'er did they see So daring in love and so
ff
dauntless in war Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lo-vin-war

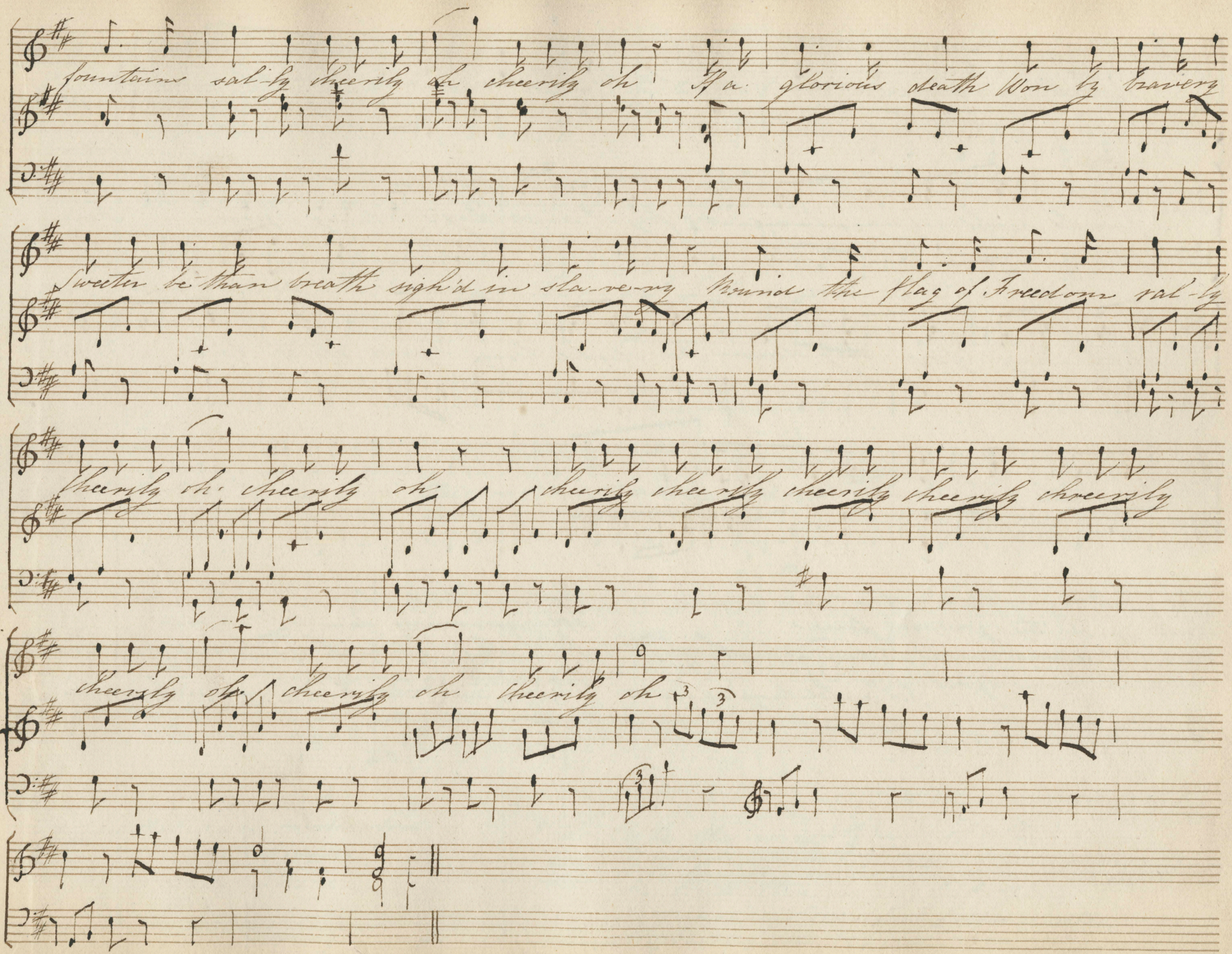

ff
So daring in love and so dauntless in war Have ye e'er heard of
gallant Ethe young Lochin var Have ye e'er heard of gallant Ethe
young Lochin var

The Tyrolese Song of Liberty

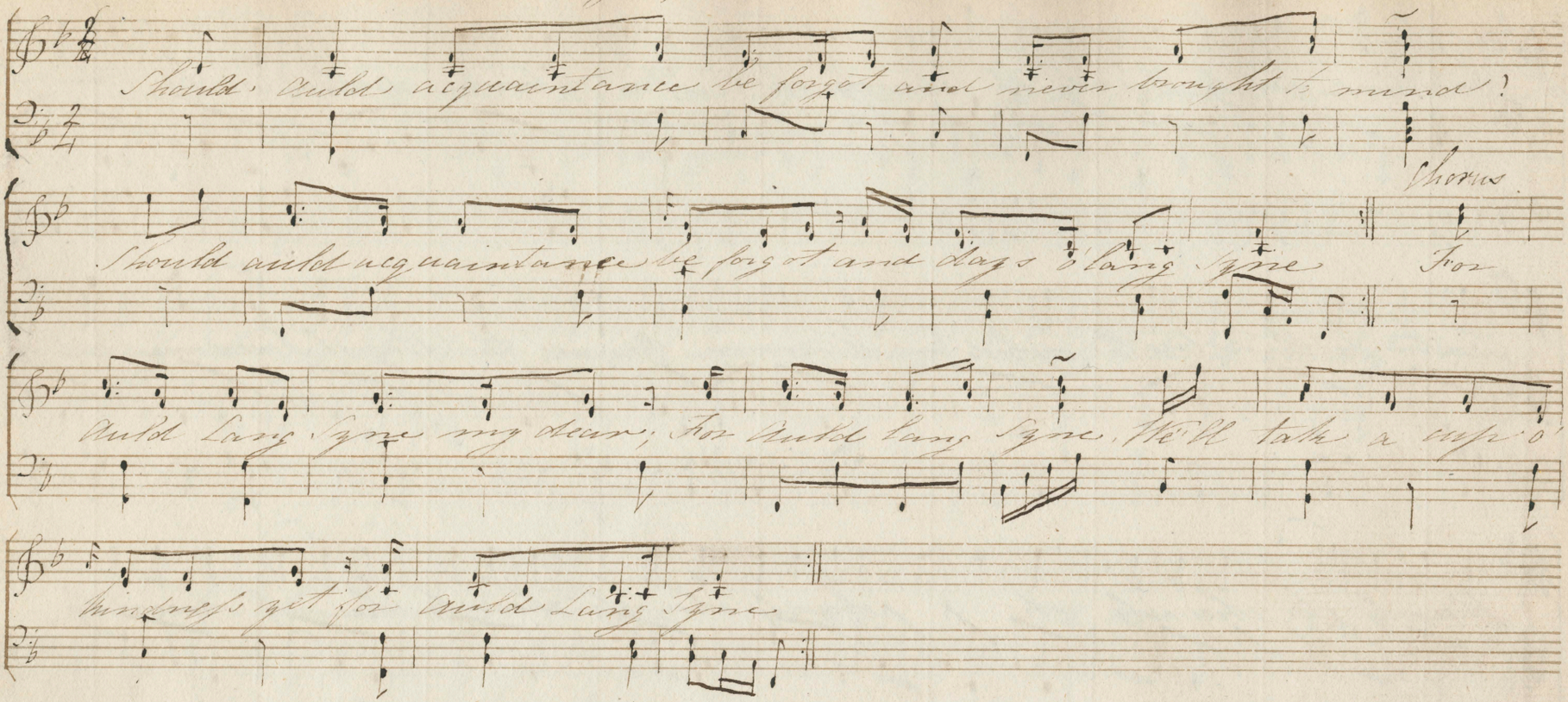



oh merrily oh merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily merrily
oh merrily oh merrily oh
2d Verse
Slow
Wearily every bosom pineth wearily oh wearily oh Where the bond of slavery
twineth wearily oh wearily oh There the warrior's dart Hath no fleetness


There the maiden's heart Hath no sweetness Every flower of life declineth
wearily oh wearily oh wearily wearily wearily wearily wearily wearily oh
wearily oh wearily oh
3 Verse
Cheerily then from hill and valley cheerily oh! cheerily oh! Like your native


fountains sat-ly cheerily oh cheerily oh If a glorious death Won by bravery
Sweeter be than breath sigh'd in sla-ve-ry Bound the flag of Freedom sat-ly
cheerily oh cheerily oh cheerily cheerily cheerily cheerily cheerily
cheerily oh cheerily oh cheerily oh

Auld Lang Syne

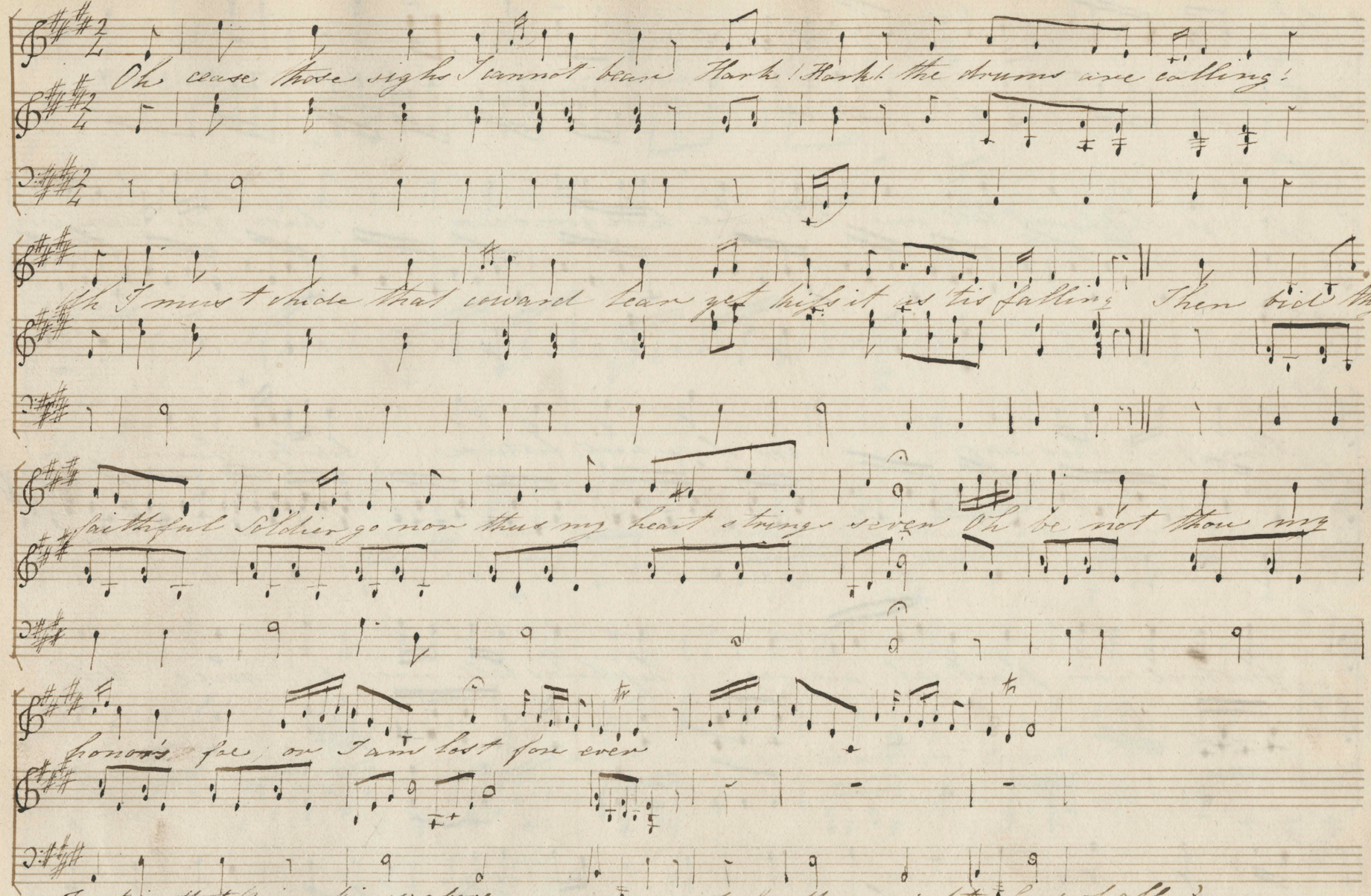


We two have run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne &

We two has paidlet in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid has roared
Sin auld lang syne
For auld lang syne &

The Soldiers Farewell

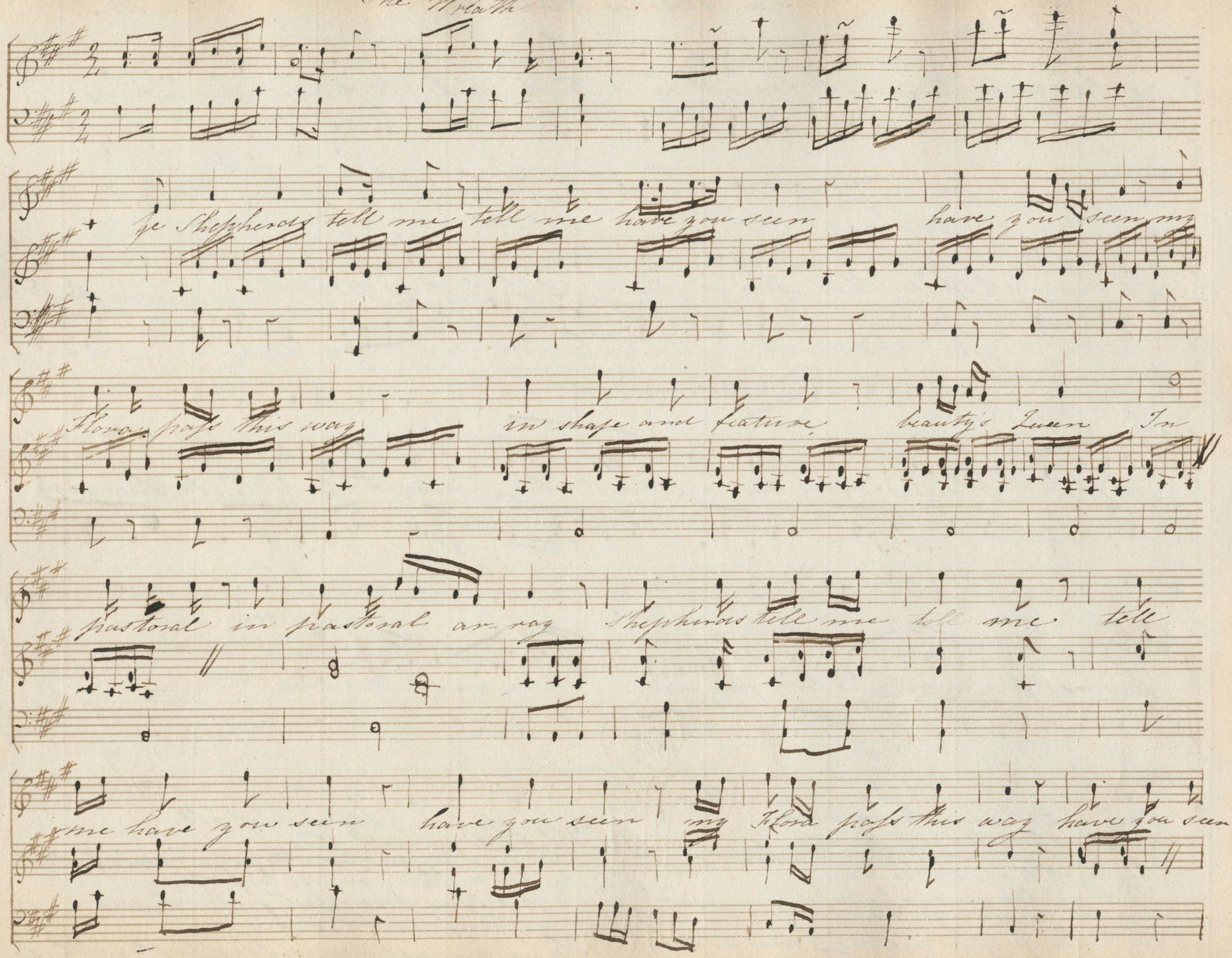
M S

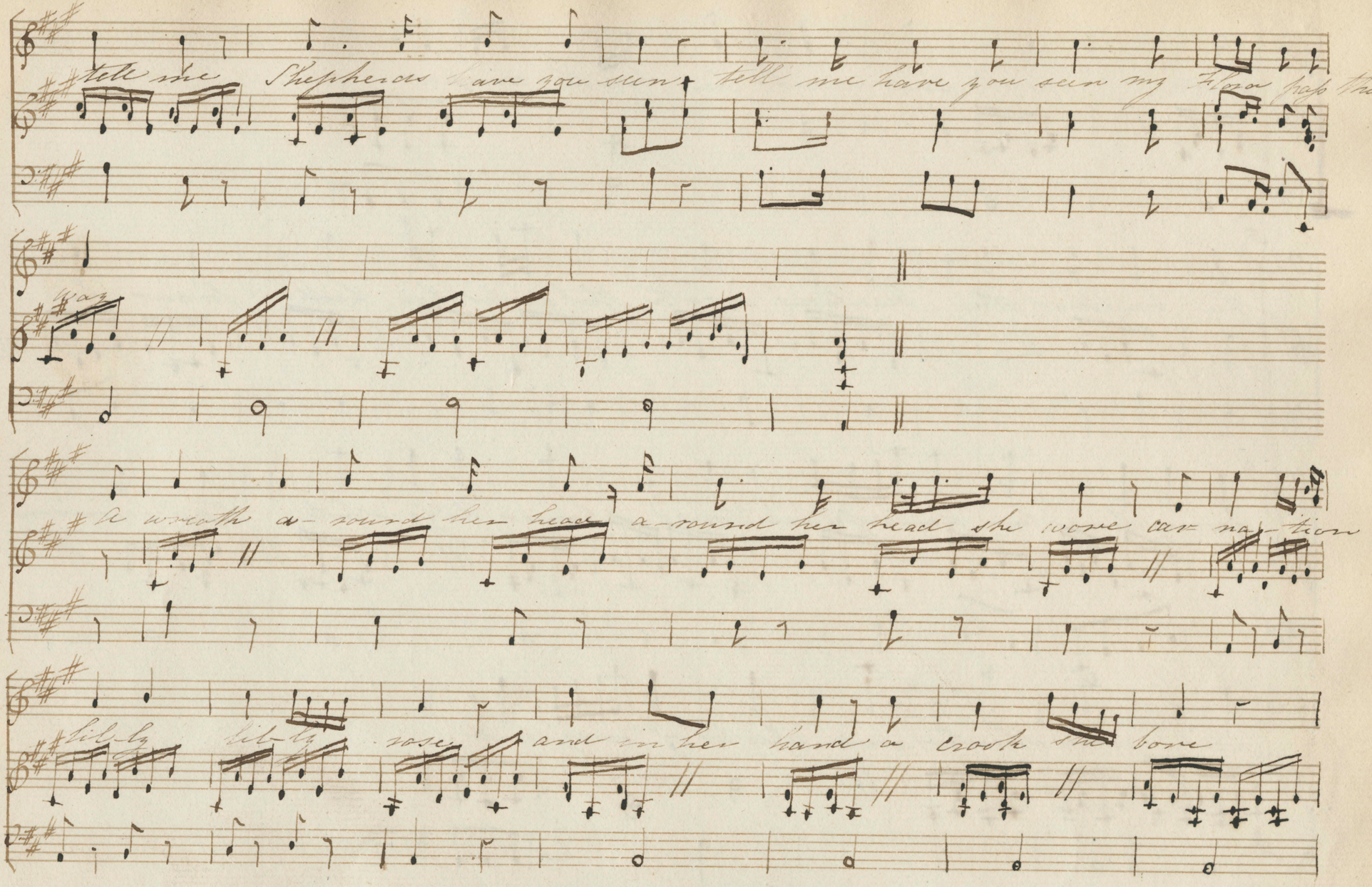


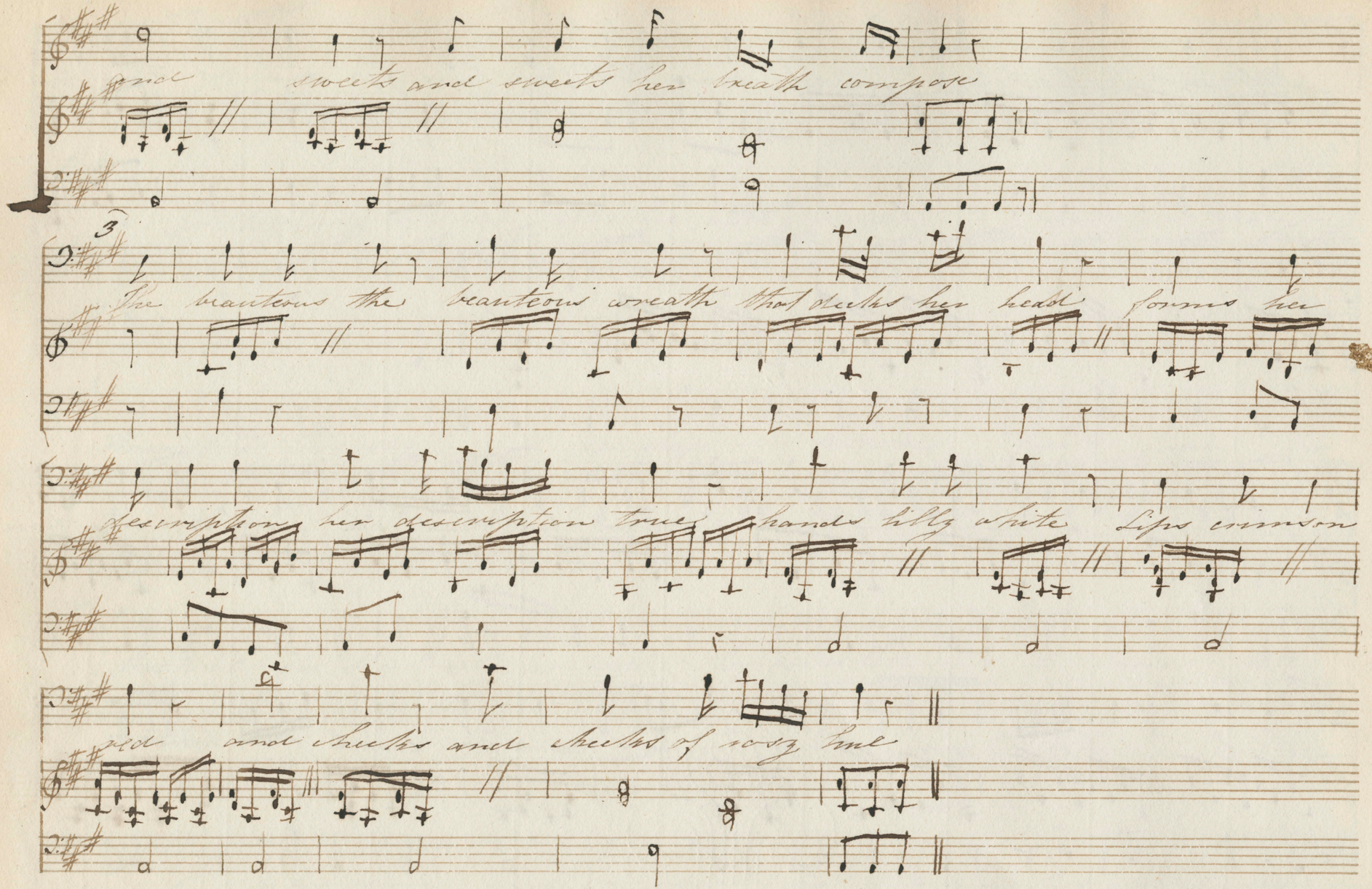
Trust in that being kind above
With heart resigned & steady
He'll never despise (believe me love)
The heart that's broke already
Be thine! thy inmost Soul I can peer
And all its springs discover
He'll teach thy weakness how to bear
Or bring thee back thy Lover

If he the mighty Lord of all
Unable to protect thee
Will he who marks the sparrows fall
Ever love thee or neglect thee
Serene & dreadful field I see
Whatever fate betides me
Thine innocence will better thee
And I've no wish besides thee

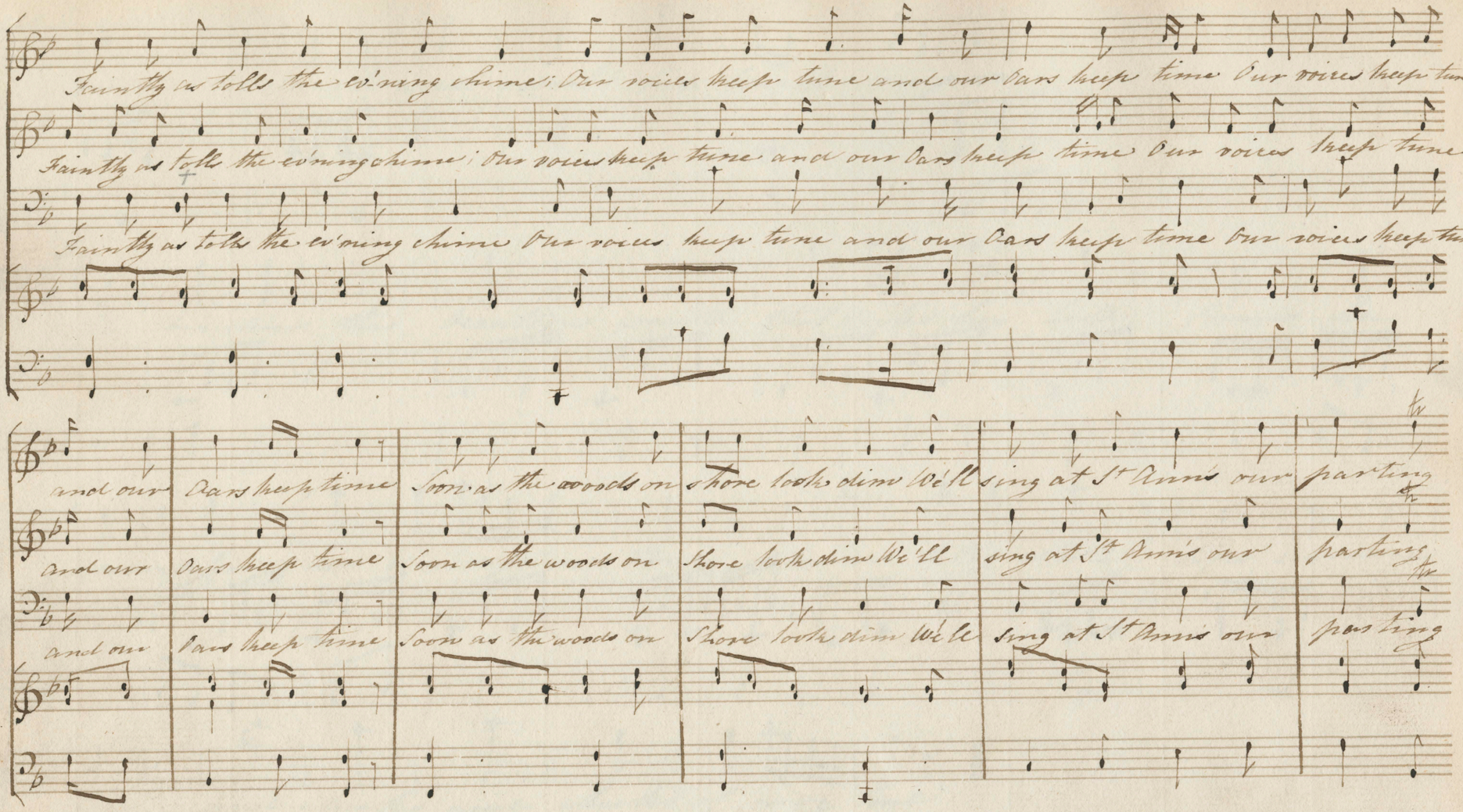
The Wreath

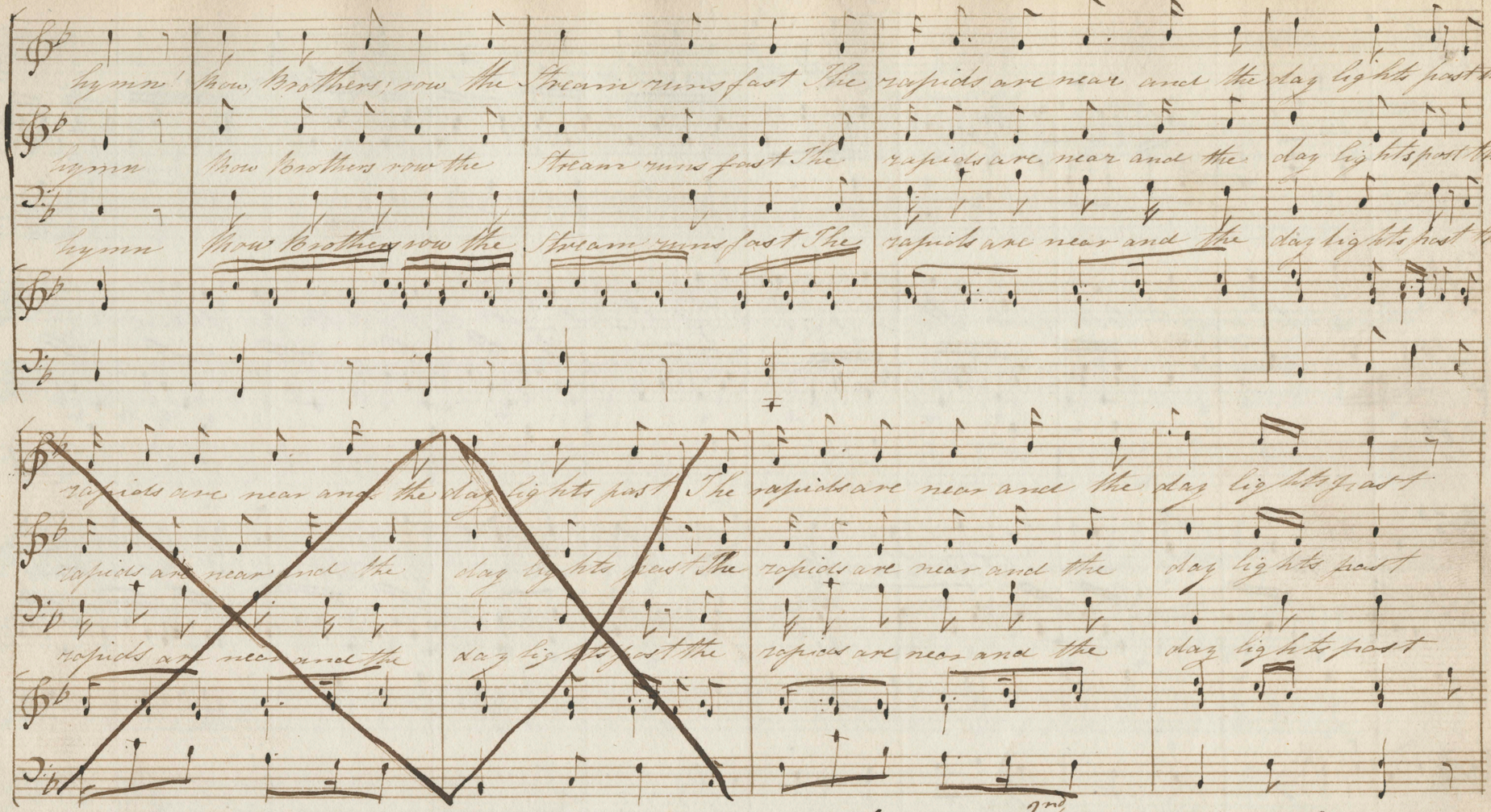

Ye Shepherds tell me tell me have you seen have you seen my
Flora past this way in shape and feature beauty's Queen In
pastoral in pastoral array Shepherds tell me tell me tell
me have you seen have you seen my Flora past this way have you seen


tell me Shepherds have you seen tell me have you seen my Flora pass this
a wreath a-round her head a-round her head she wore car-na-tion
lil-ly lil-ly roses and in her hand a crook she bore


and sweets and sweets her breath compose
The beauteous the beauteous wreath that decks her head! forms her
description her description true! hands lilly white Lips crimson
red and cheeks and cheeks of rosy hue

Canadian Boat Song





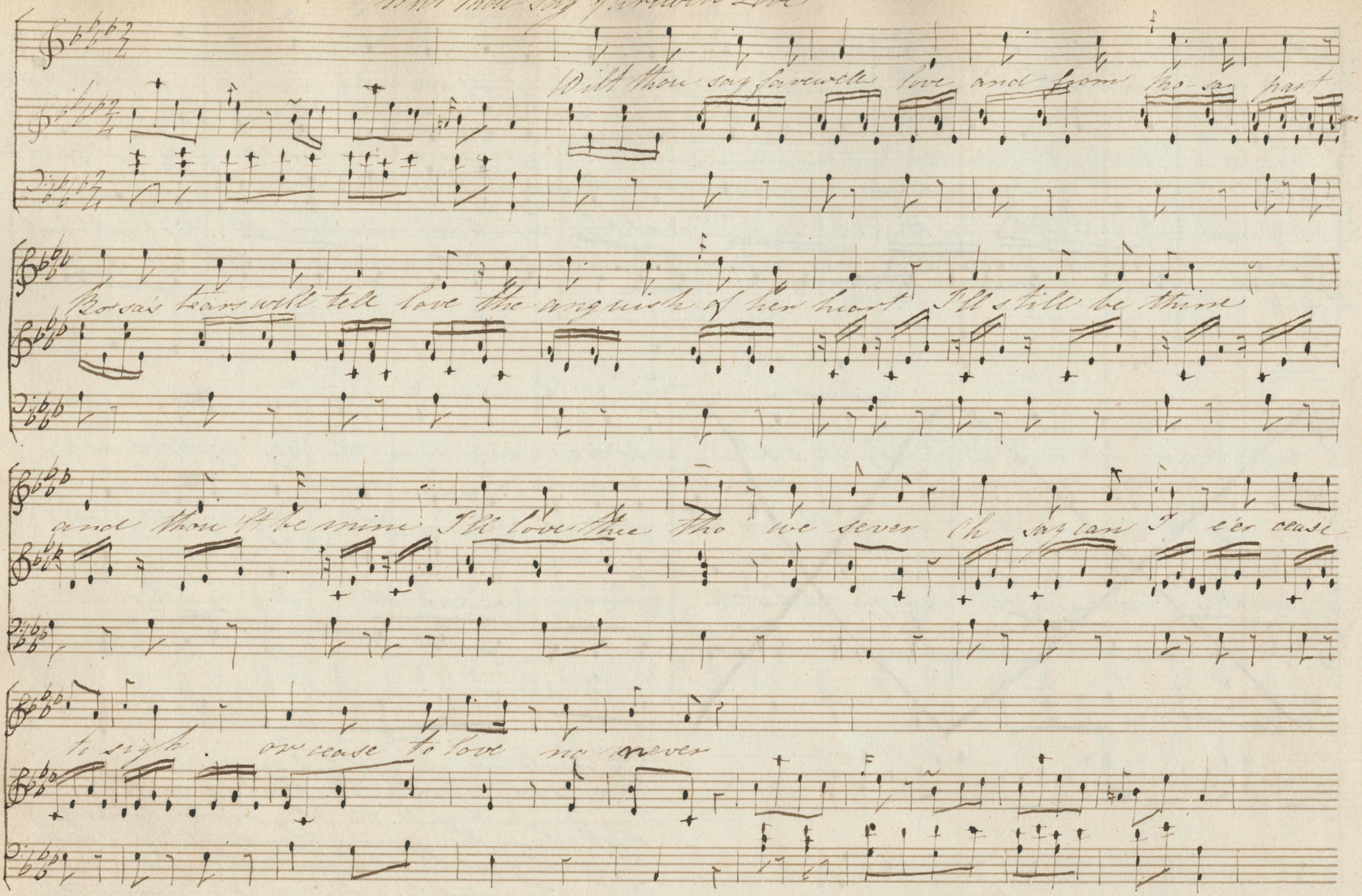
2nd

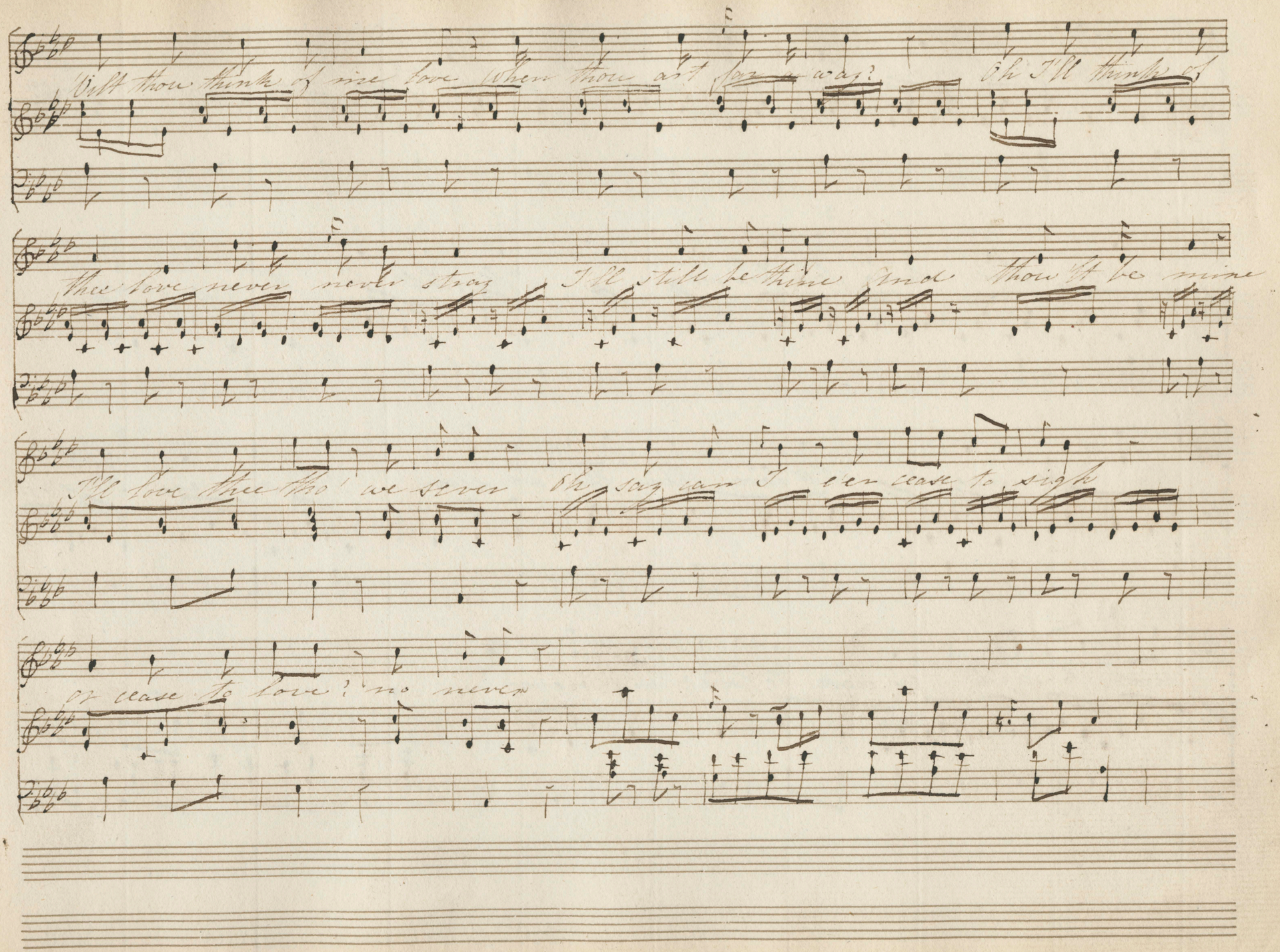
Why should we yet our sail unfurl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the day light past
The rapids are near and the day lights past

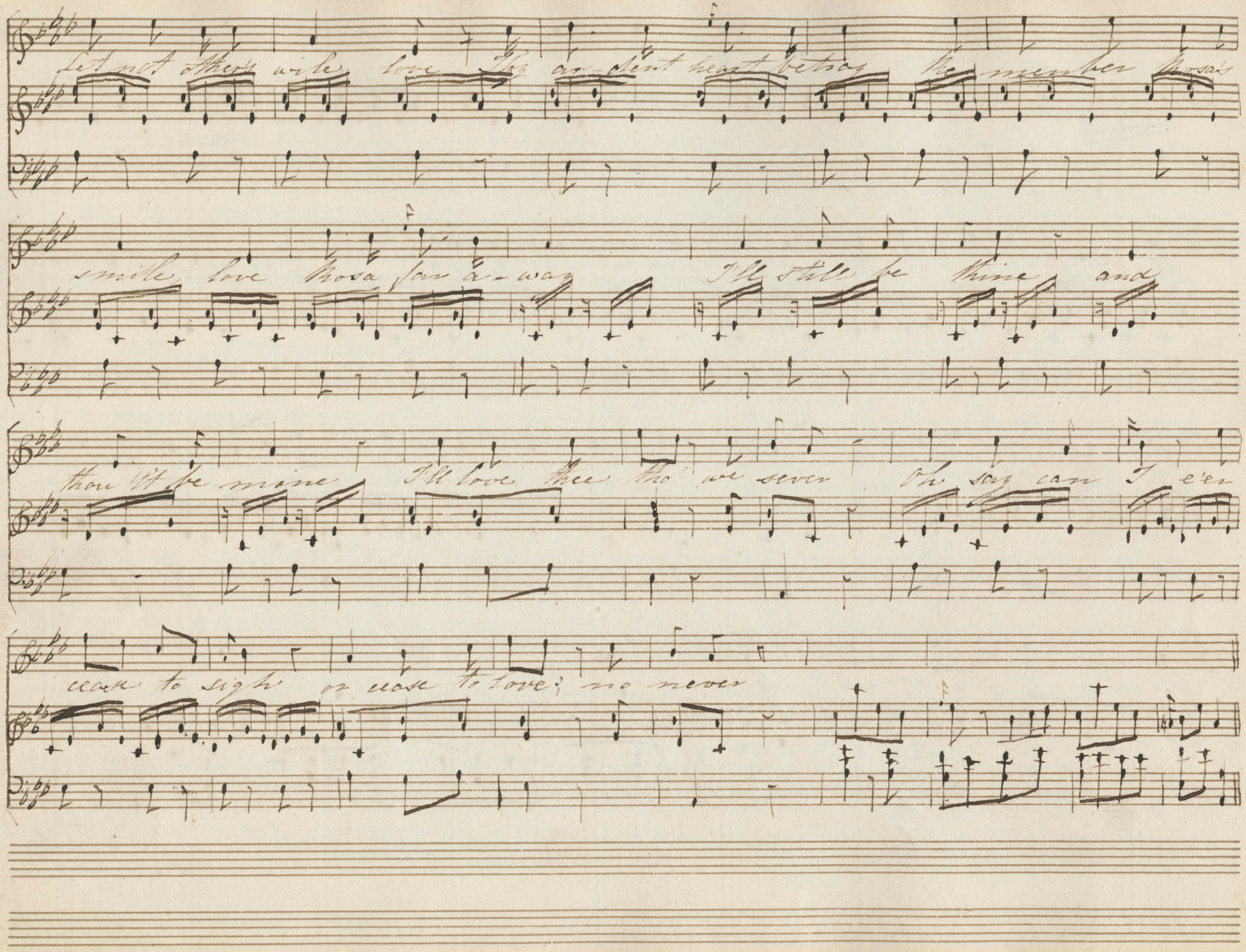
3rd

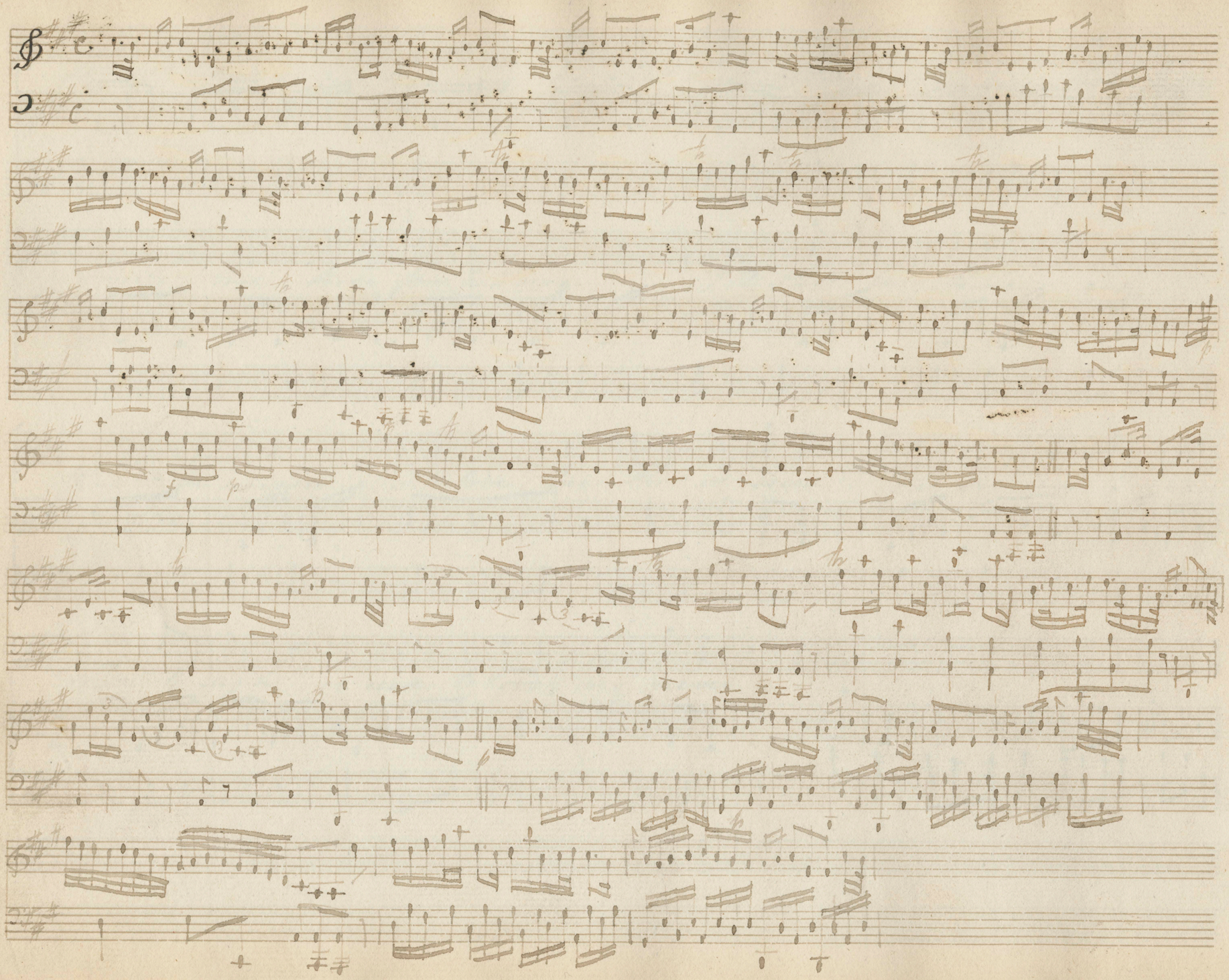
Ottawa tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayer
Grant us cool heavens & favouring air
Blow breezes blow the Stream runs fast &

Will thou say farewell Love



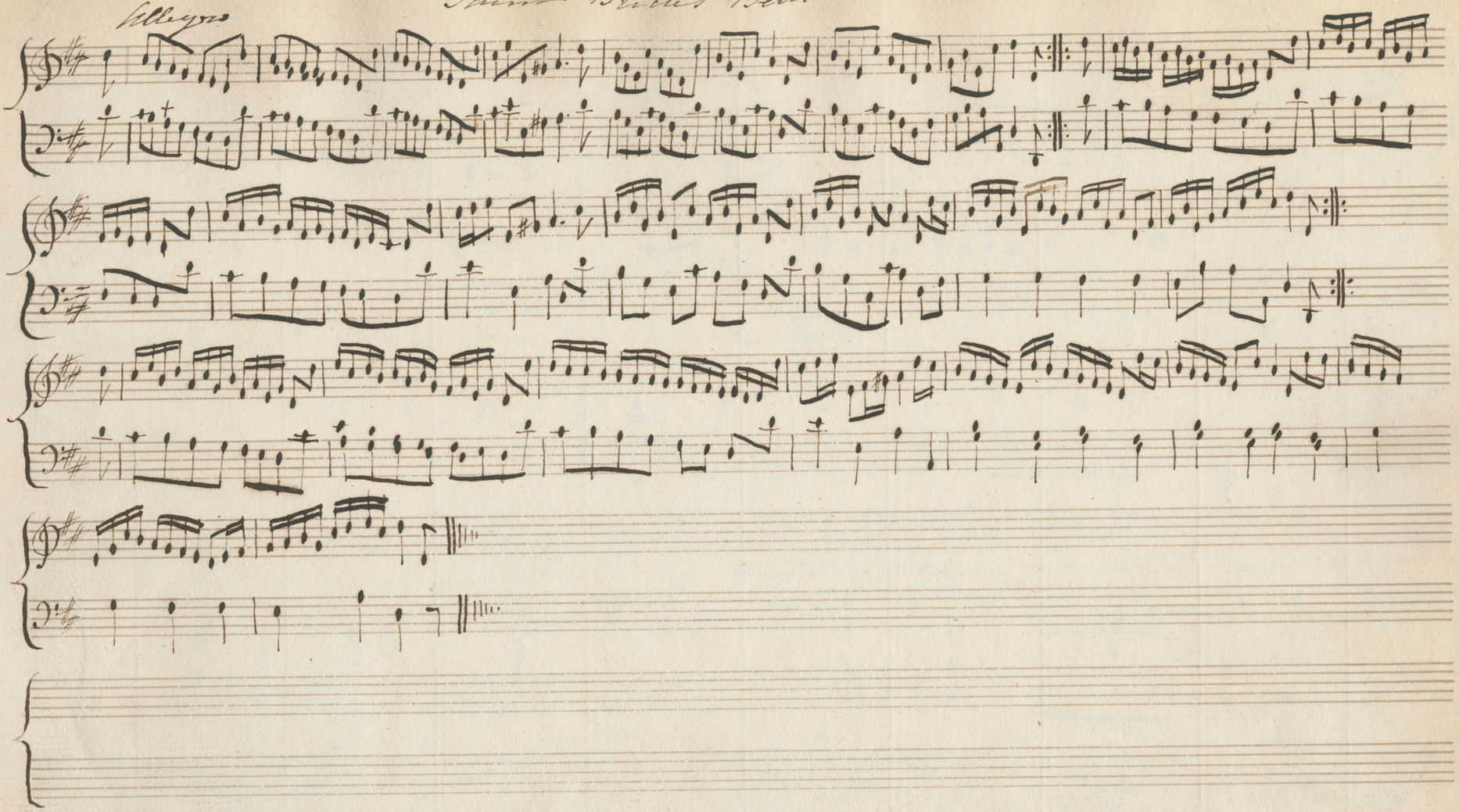

Wilt thou think of me love when thou art far away? Oh I'll think of
thee love never never stray I'll still be thine and thou'll be mine
I'll love thee tho' we sever Oh say can I ever cease to sigh
or cease to love? no never


Let not other's wile love Thy ar-dent heart betray Re-member Rosa's
smile love Rosa far a-way I'll still be thine and
thou'lt be mine I'll love thee tho' we sever Oh say can I e'er
cease to sigh or cease to love; no never



Saint Bride's Bells

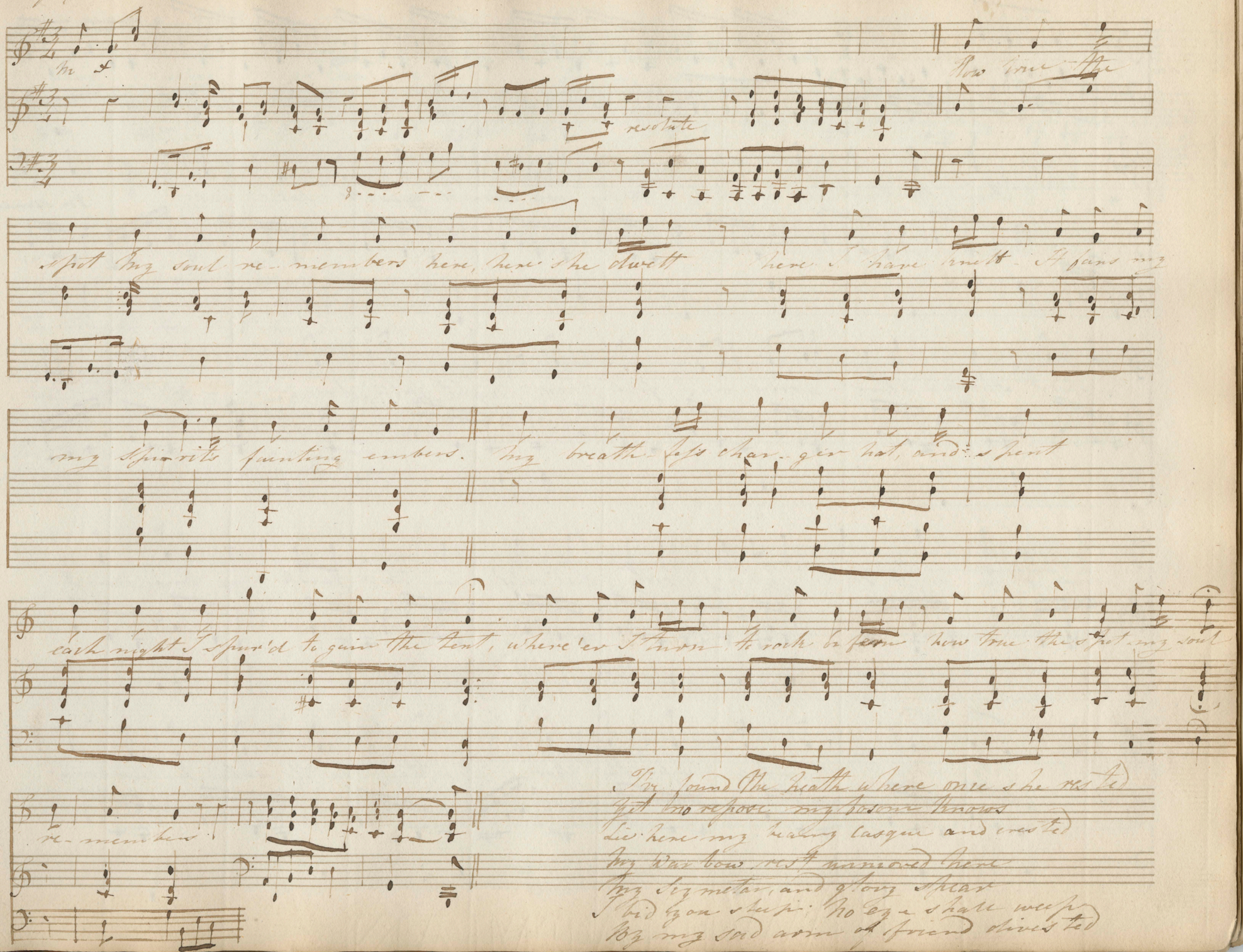
Allegro



With Expression

The Work

Indian Air



From the Hill

an Indian Melody

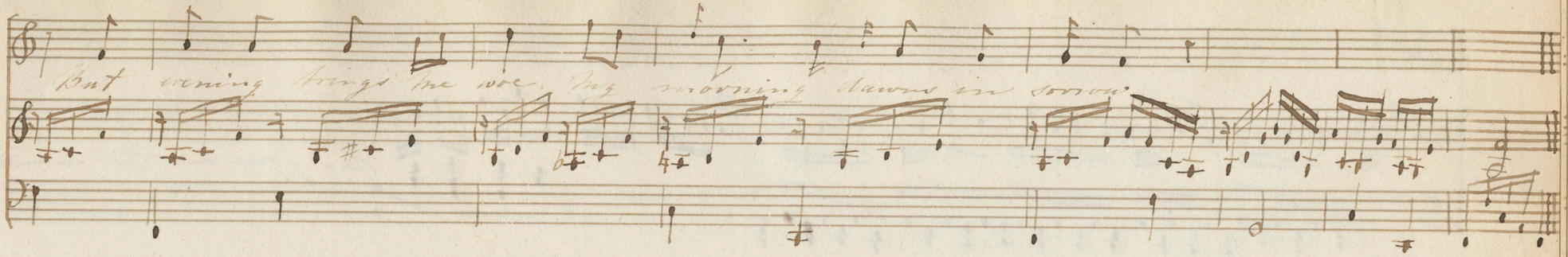
Not too slow

From the hill, no more, my woe dim'd eyes be-hold her; On some

happier shore, other arms en-fold her. Night falls drear, and dark-

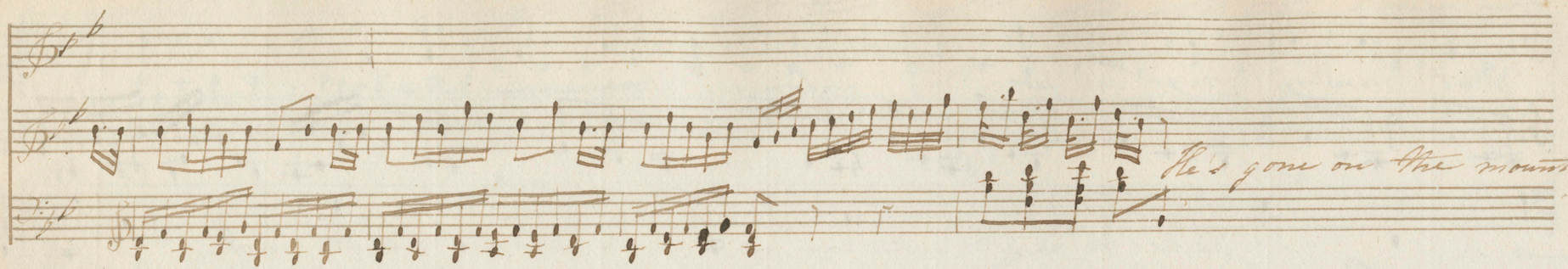
winds i' the moss rocks sighing only this cold hea-ther bank my lone couch

sup-ply-ing! Peaceful sleeps the Roe, Blithe she'll wake to-morrow


But evening brings the woe, My morning dawns in sorrow

On the beach I've strayed
Since day's early breaking
The tracks her feet had made
Mid ruddy seaweed seeking
Tho' with every wave
Soon the Slands will lose 'em
Where's the Billow, that can lave
Her traces from my Bosom
Peaceful sleeps the Roe. &c

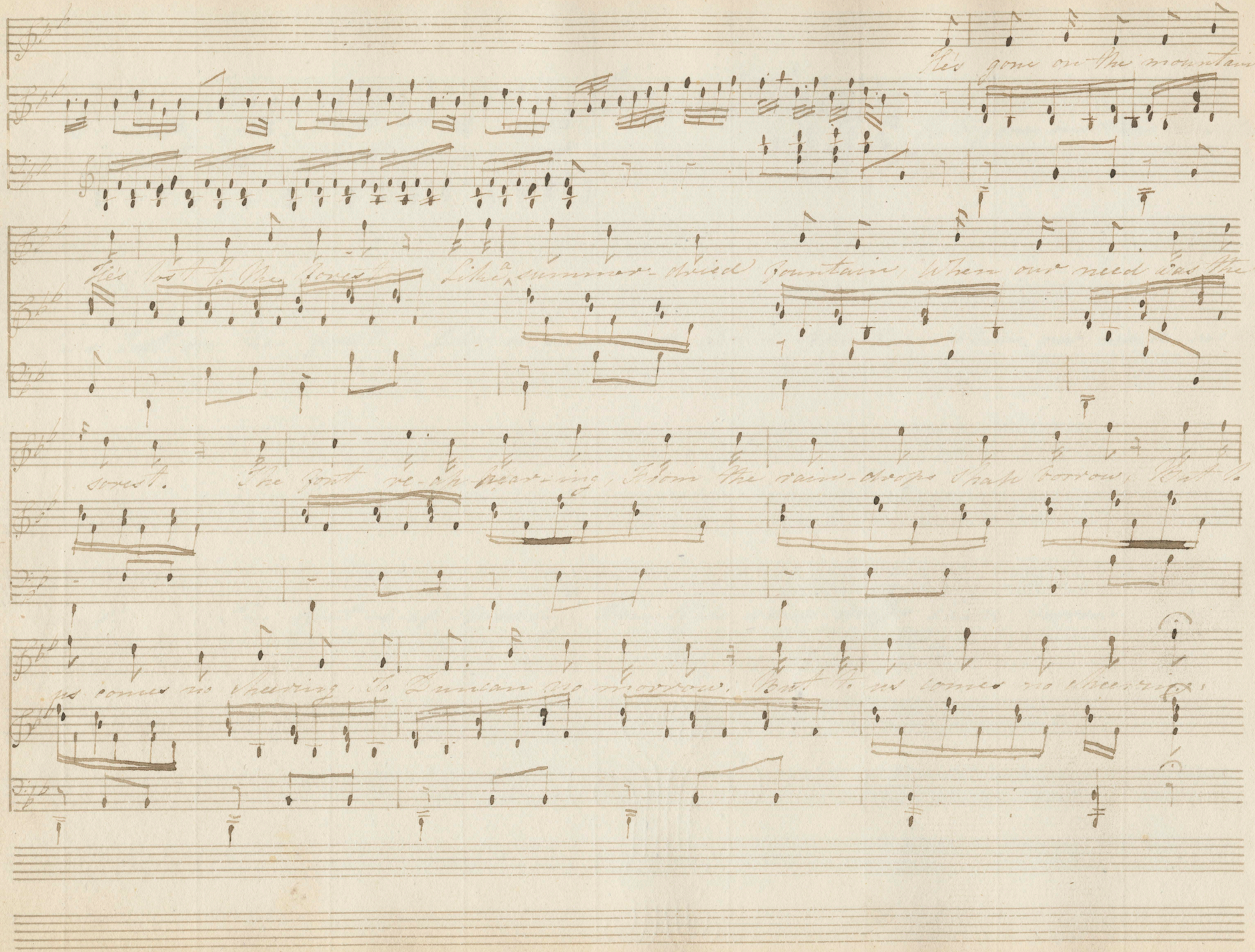
The Coronach


He's gone on the mountain

He's lost on the forest Like a summer dri'd fountain, When our need was the

sorest. The font re-ap-pear-ing, From the rain-drops shall borrow But to

The Coronach



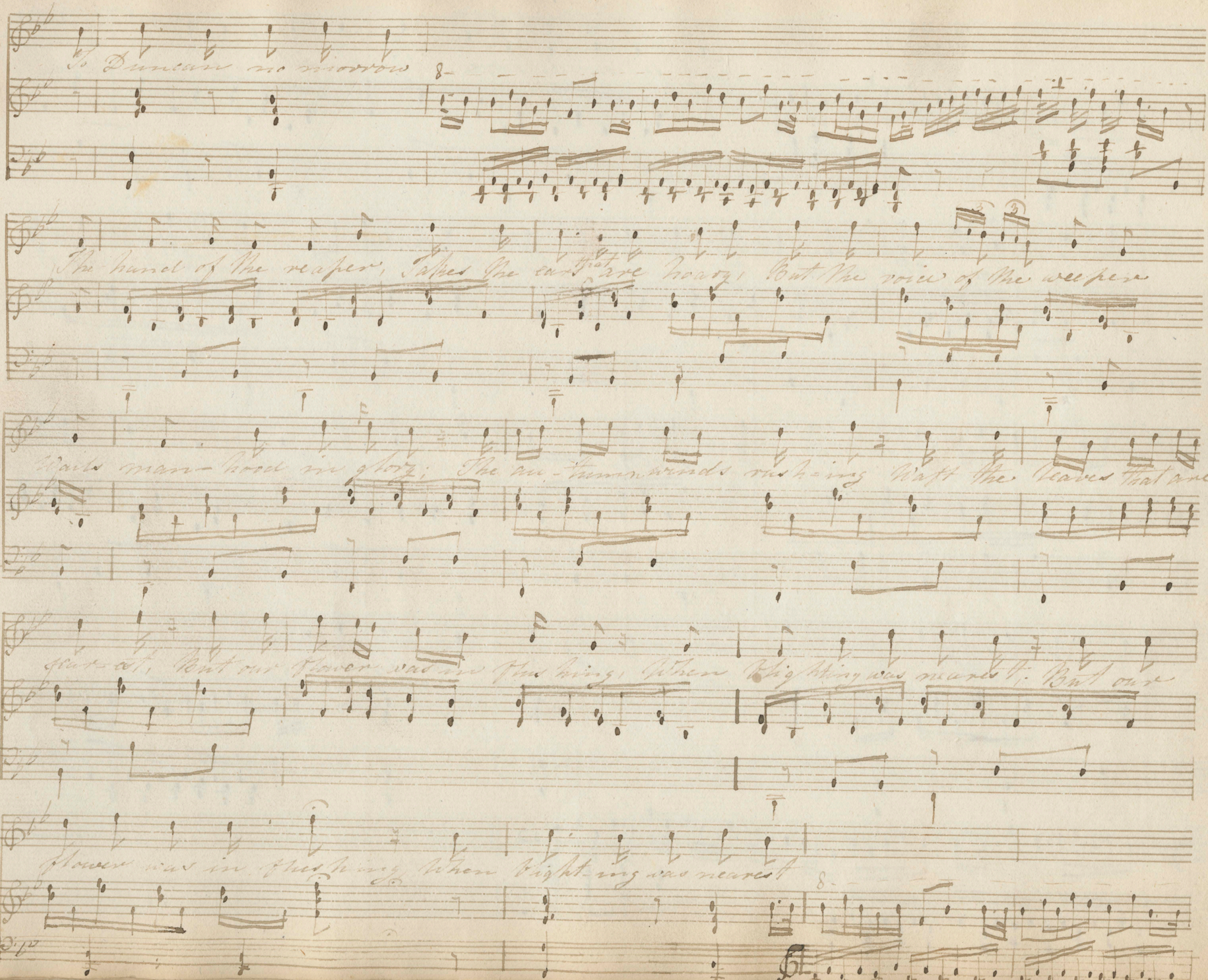
To Duncan no morrow

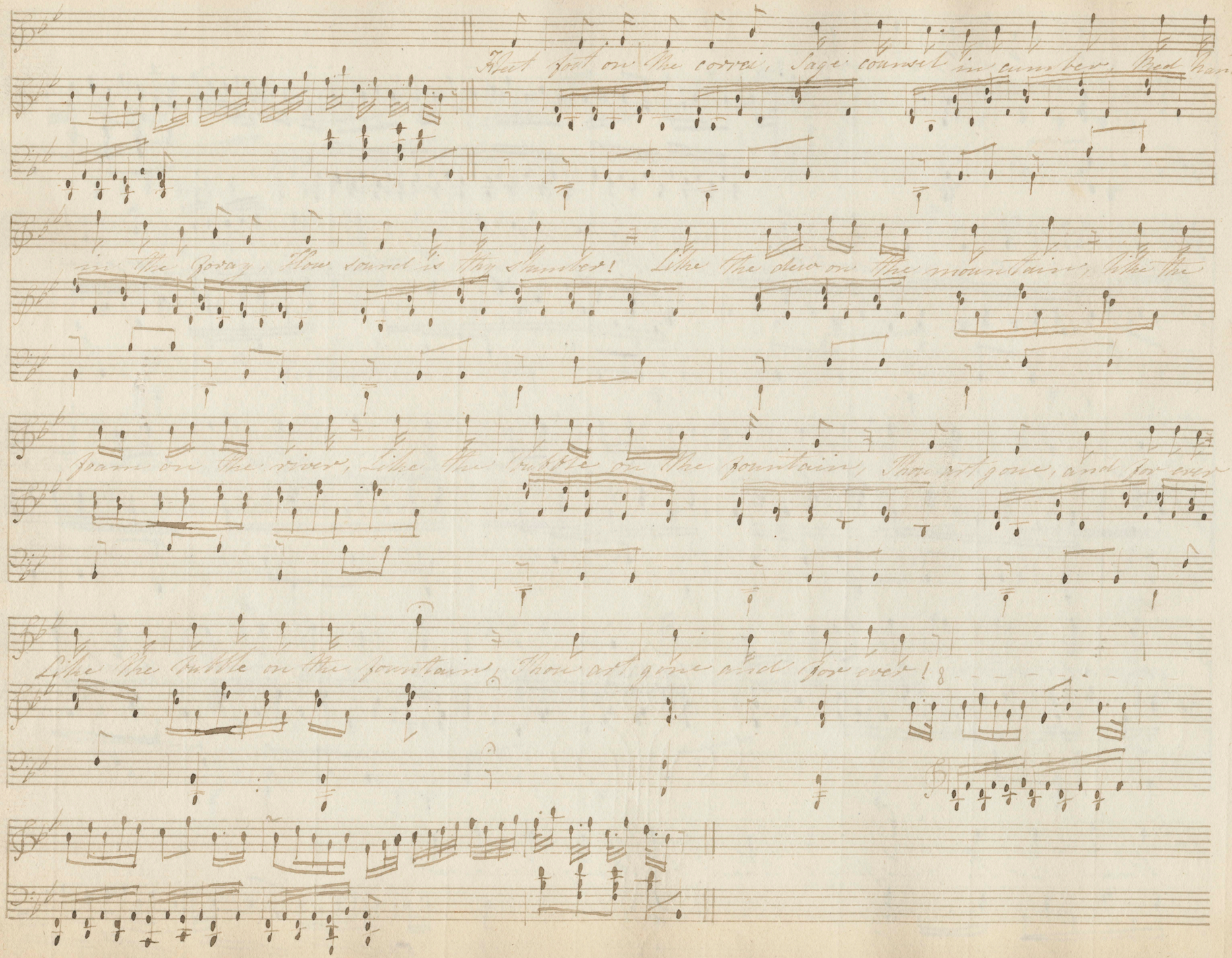
The hand of the reaper, Takes the ears that are hoary; But the voice of the weeper

Wails man-hood in glory; The au-tumn winds rush-ing Waft the leaves that are

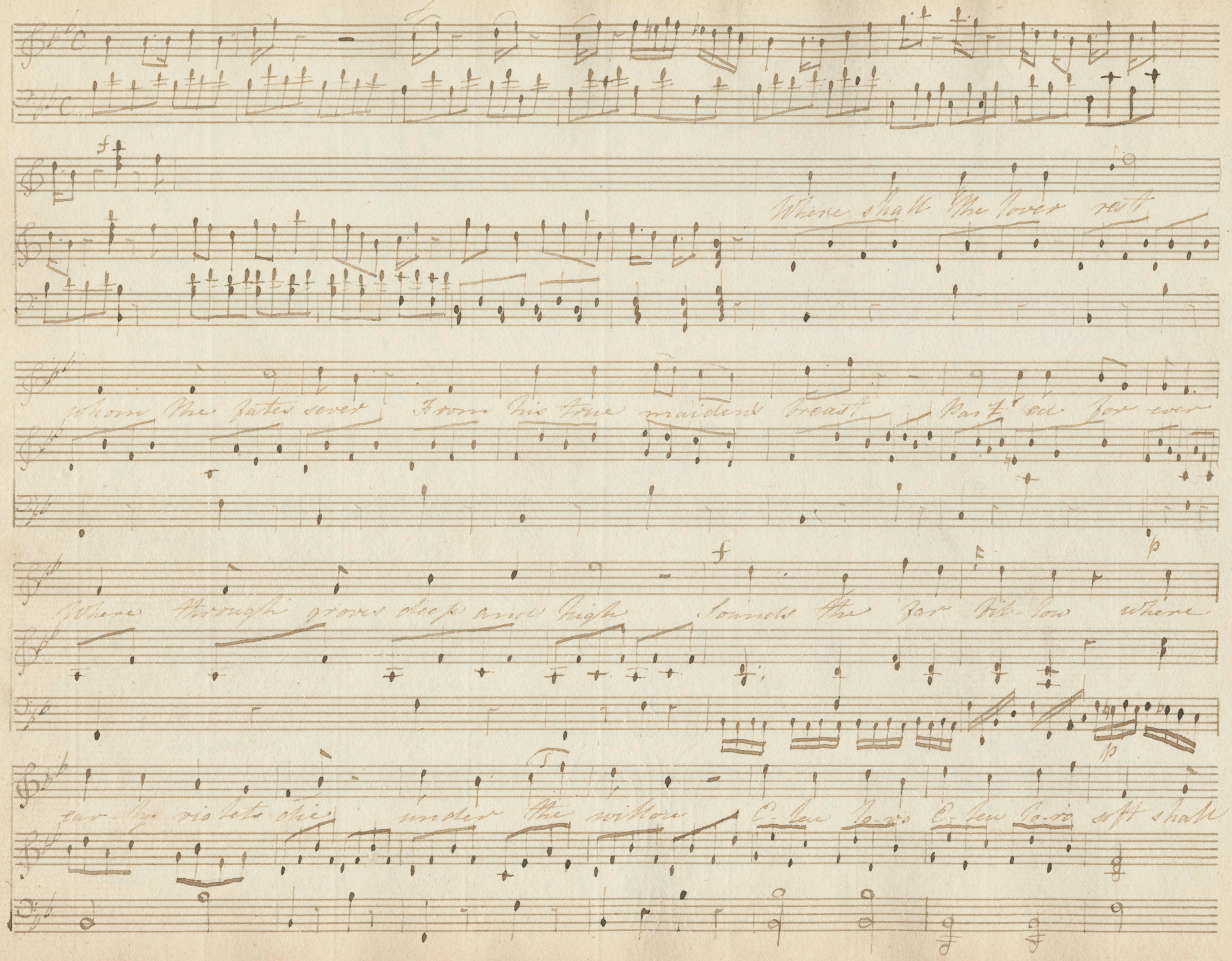
fear-est, But our flower was in flus-hing, When blighting was nearest; But our

flower was in flus-hing When blight-ing was nearest




Fleet fast on the corrie, Sage counsel in cumber, Red hand
in the foray, How sound is thy slumber! Like the dew on the mountain, Like the
foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone, and for ever
Like the bubble on the fountain, Thou art gone and for ever!

Fitz Eustace

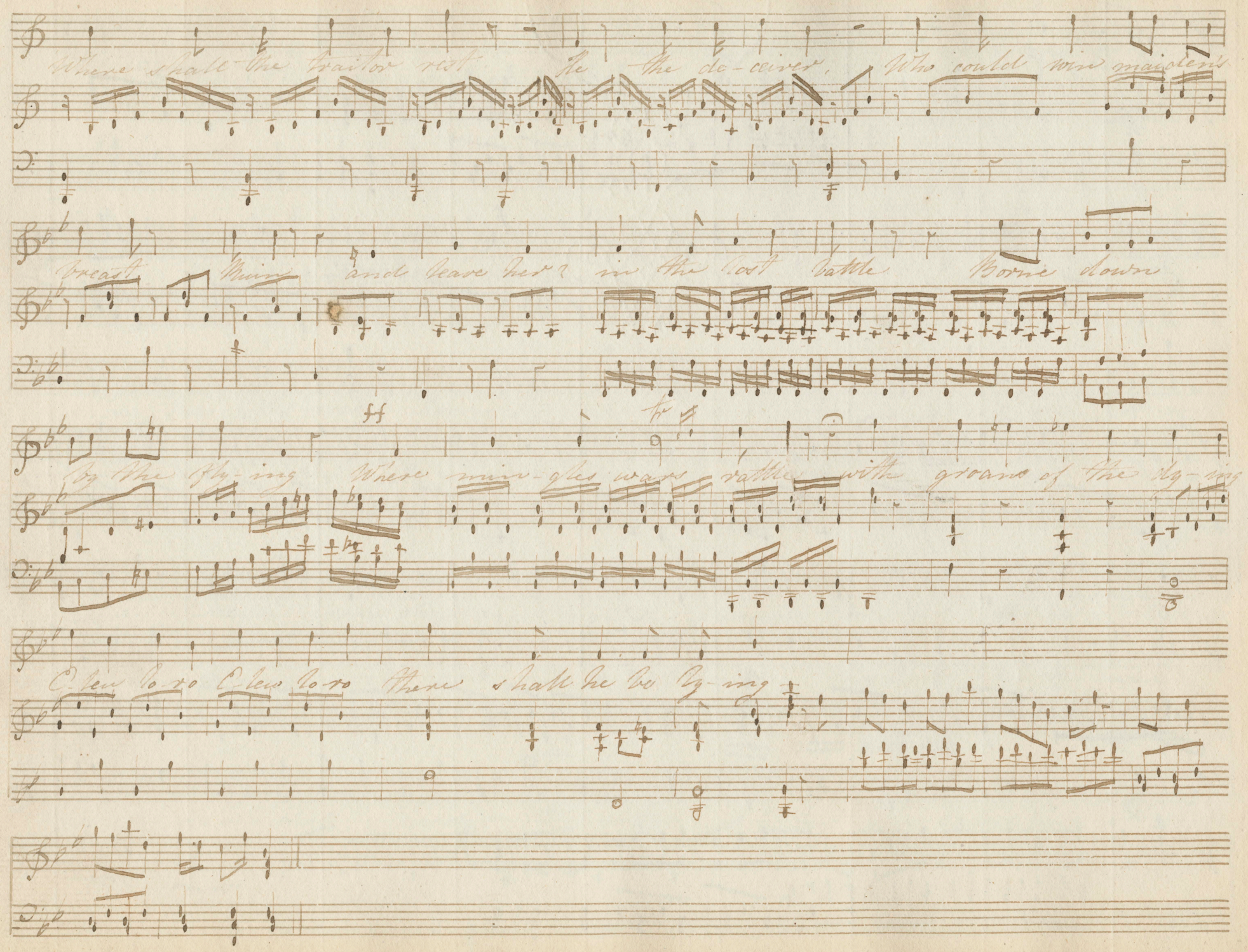

Where shall the lover rest
whom the fates sever From his true maiden's breast Part'ed for ever
Where through groves deep and high Sounds the far bil-low where
ear-ly violets die under the willow E-leu lo-ro E-leu lo-ro soft shall

be his pil-low There through the

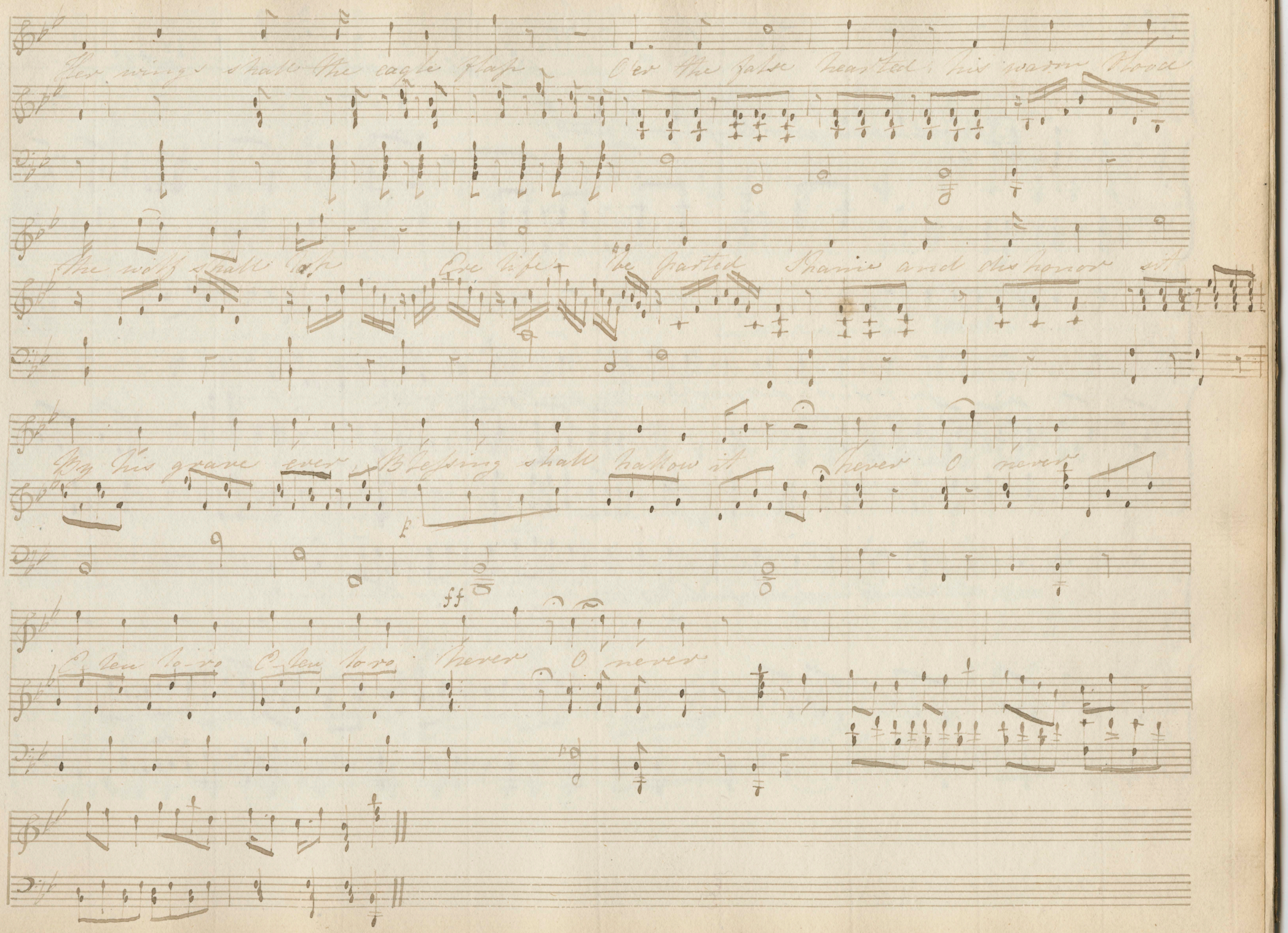
summer day cool streams are laving There while the tempests swaz-

scarce are boughs-- waving. There thy rest shall thou take Parted for ever

never a-gain to wake never O- never O-lew lo-ro O-lew lo-ro never O never


Where shall the traitor rest He the de-ceiver, Who could win maiden's
breast Ruin and leave her? in the lost battle Borne down
by the fly-ing Where min-gles wars rattle with groans of the dy-ing

E-lew lo-ro E-lew lo-ro there shall he be ly-ing


Her wings shall the eagle flap O'er the false hearted; his warm blood
the wolf shall lap Ere life be parted Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever Blessing shall hallow it Never O never

E-leu lo-ro E-leu lo-ro Never O never

A, B, C.

Lady

With pleasure with pleasure in-deed; You first must

Gentleman

Pray teach me your language to read!

Andante

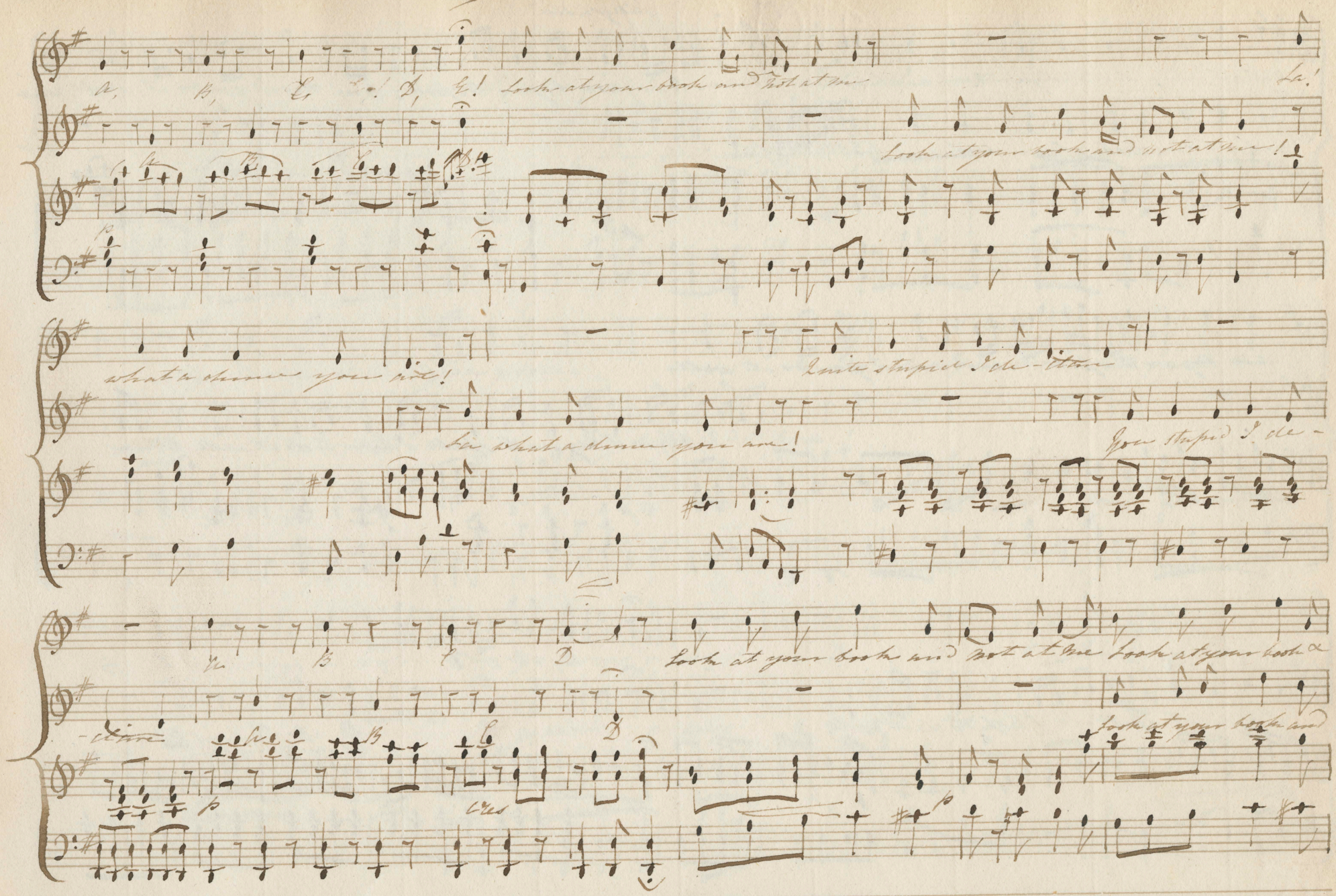
Allegretto

learn the A, B, C.

Come then a lesson

You'll find a dull scholar in me, You'll find a dull scholar in me.

say 'Tis near the close of day, Re-peat it after me... and pray attentive be.


A, B, C, D, E! Look at your book and not at me
La!
Look at your book and not at me!
what a dunce you are!
Quite stupid I de-clare
La what a dunce you are!
You stupid I de-
Look at your book and not at me Look at your book &
-clare
Look at your book and
cres

Allegretto

look at me; look at your book and not — at me. Come, now begin to spell, and mind you do it well, come

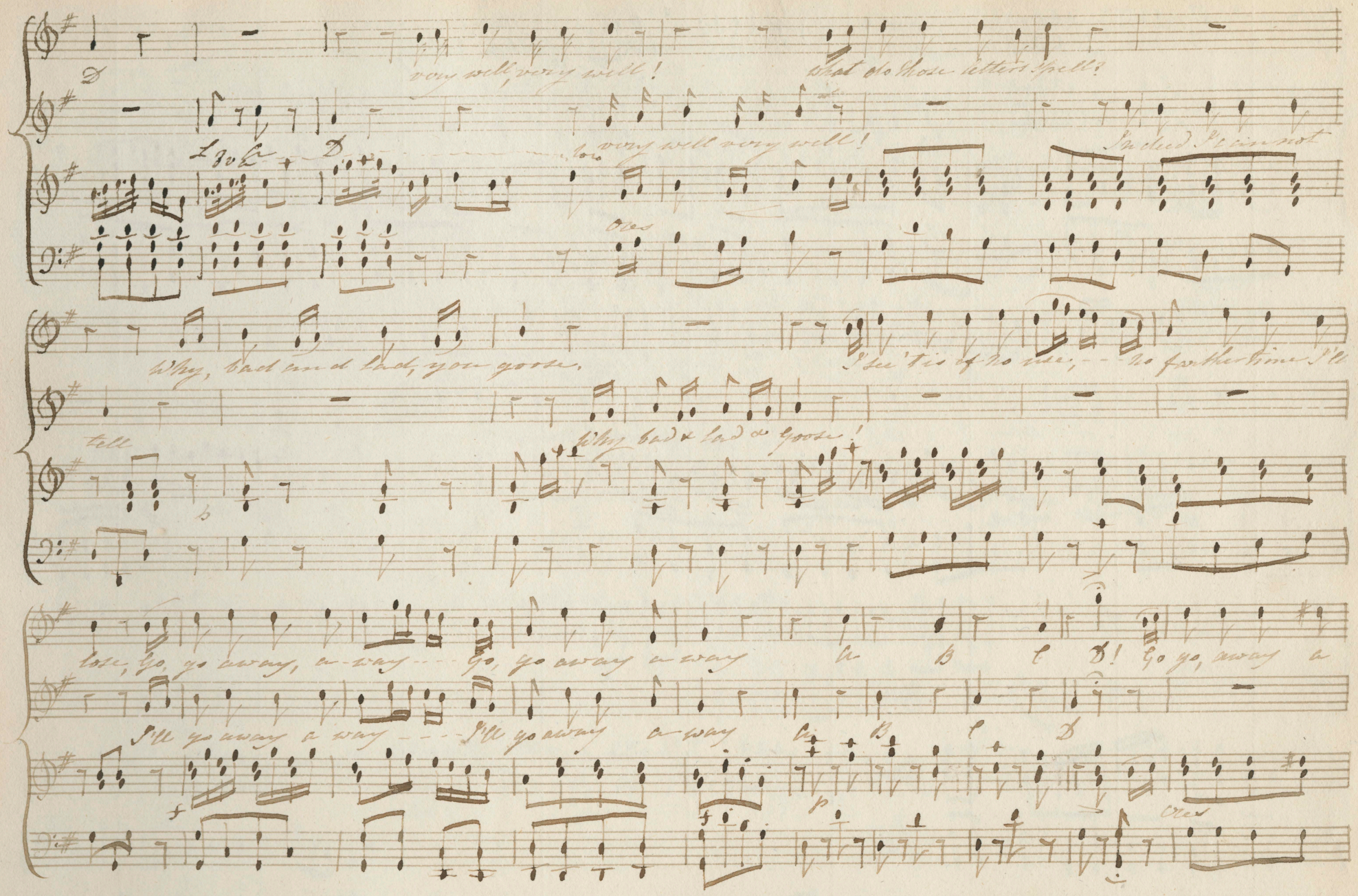
look at me; look at your book and not — at me.

now begin to spell, and mind you do it well.

When I begin to spell I hope to do it well, When

I begin to spell — I hope to do it well.

Cres


D
very well, very well!
What do those letters spell?
Lovo D
very well very well!
Indeed I cannot
Cres
Why, bad and lad, you goose.
I see 'tis of no use, - - no farther time I'll
tell
Why bad & lad & goose!
lose, Go, go away, a-way - - - Go, go away a-way A B C D! Go go, away a
I'll go away a way - - - I'll go away a-way A B C D
f
p
Cres

way Go, go away a way, Go, go away a way Go, go, away a way! away! away! a

I'll go away a-way I'll go I'll go a way! A! B! I'll

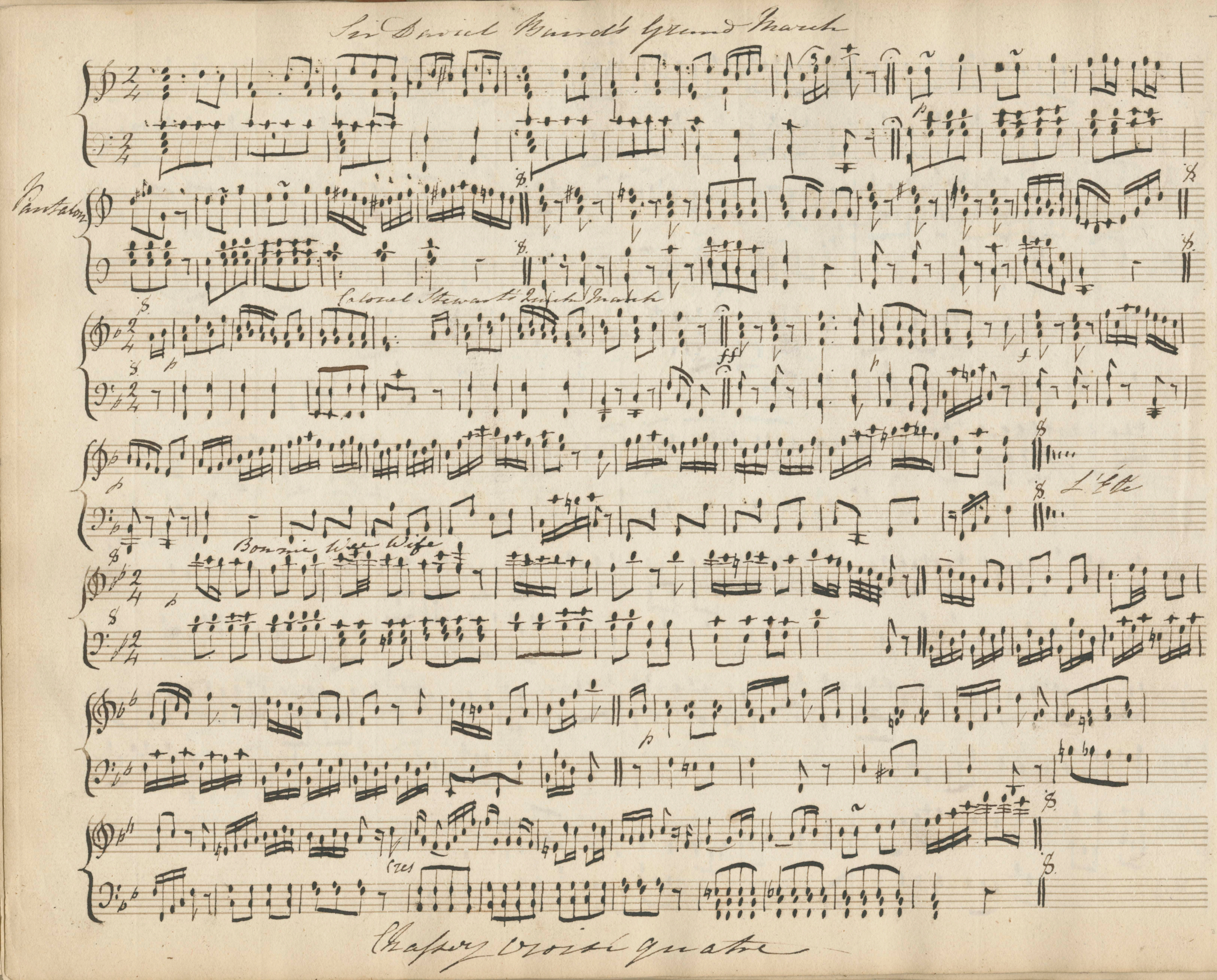
way away from me! away! away! away a-way from me!

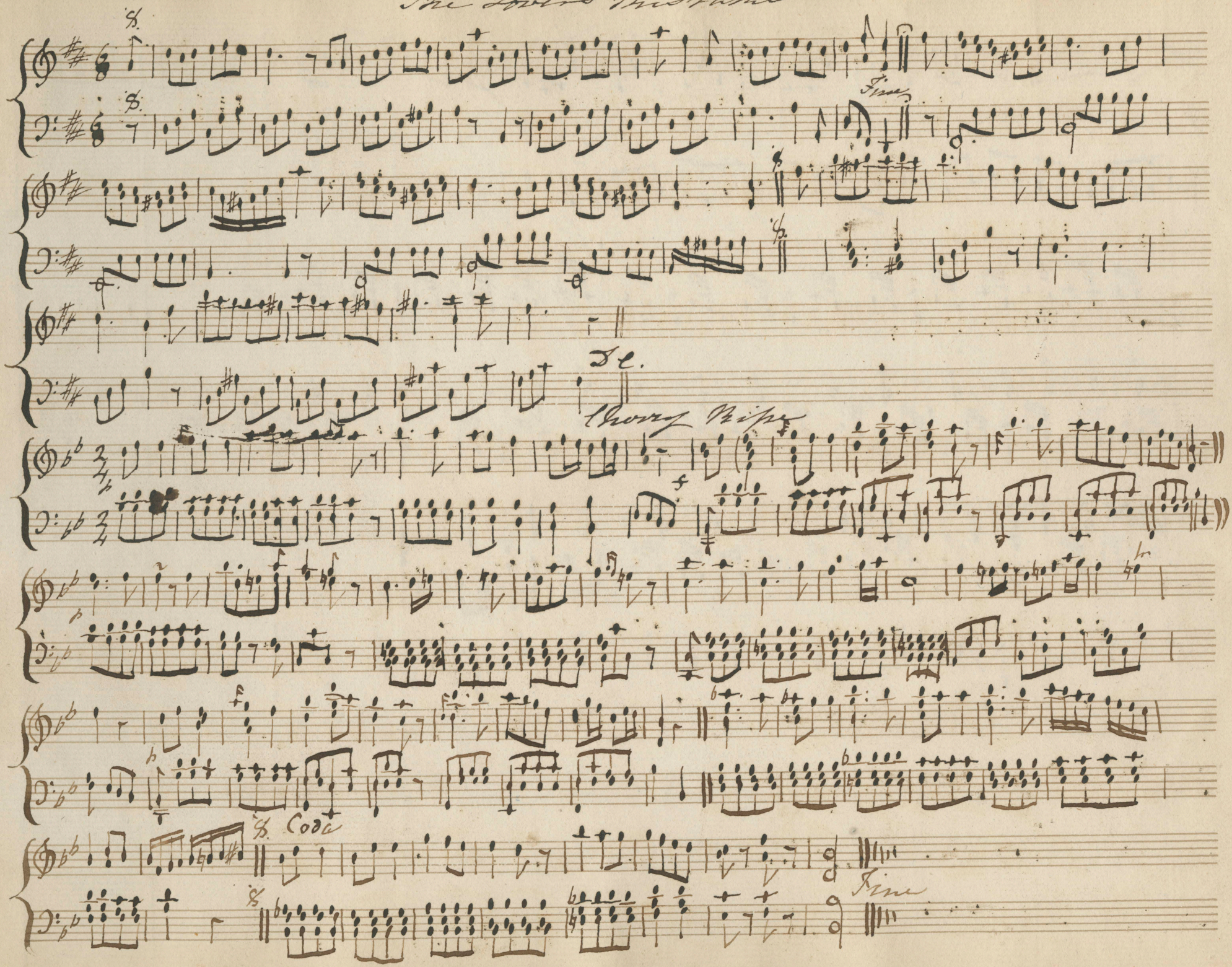
go I'll go a way! A! great A and bonn-ing B!

8va 8va

f

Flute


Sir David Baird's Grand March
Pantalon
Colonel Stewart's Quick March
L'Été
Bonnie Wee Wife
Cres
Chassez Croisé quatre


Fine
Chorus Strings
Coda
Fine